BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS NEWS, INTERVIEWS, ARTICLES

BALLET TODAY

OCTOBER, 1960 TWO SHILLINGS

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA

in *Sleeping Beauty*

Ballet TODAY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
DEVOTED TO DANCE

Established 1946

In This Issue

* **Exclusive Ballet Today Interview**

with *GEORGII FARMANYANTZ*

of The Bolshoi Ballet

Photo below by Ian James

* *NATASHA TROFIMOVA*

featured in the Careers in Pictures Series

(*photographed above in* Concertino)

* *LEONIDE MASSINE*

in our Choreographers of Today series

Photo (right) shows Massine in Nervi with Count Serra of the Festival Organisation

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Photo: Ian James

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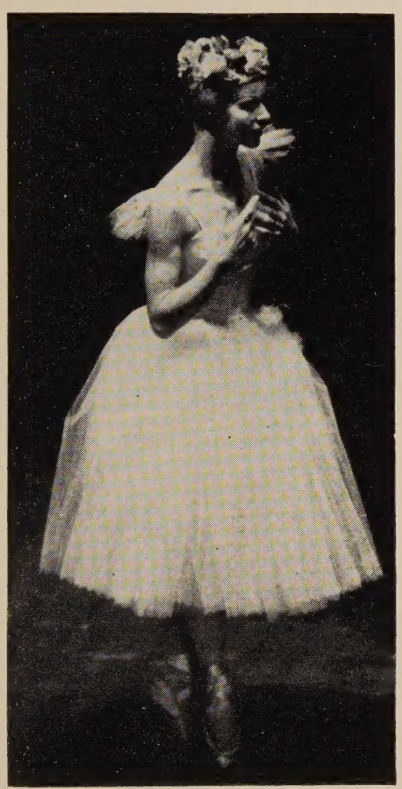
* **writes an exclusive "Ballet Today" article**

on

STAGING LA SYLPHIDE



Elsa Marianne von Rosen.

**THE SUMMER FESTIVALS*

by our contributors

in

Munich, Stockholm

NERVI

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Photo: Enar Merkel Rydberg

NOVEMBER ISSUE WILL BE PUBLISHED ON 20th OCTOBER

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Jo Anna who did the story and choreography of *The Princess*, and played one of the leading roles. *Photo: Palm Beach Candid-Davidoff*

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"THE PRINCESS"

MAKES BRAVE BID FOR SURVIVAL

RETURN VISIT OF THE BALLETS AFRICAINS

"THE PRINCESS"

A NUMBER of Broadway shows have had a tryout at the Royal Poinciana Playhouse in Palm Beach, Florida, which is owned and managed by Frank J. Hale. Associated with this theatre there is a ballet school and a ballet company directed by Jo Anna, a dancer and choreographer who was born and trained in South Africa but has made her career in the United States; she is married to the theatrical producer-director Ted Kneeland. All three collaborated on *The Princess*, first staged at the Royal Poinciana in December, 1958, with a stellar international cast of dancers (including Violette Verdy, Michael Maule, Patricia Wilde, Doreen Tempest and Jo Anna). At Palm Beach the show had success with both critics and the public, and this led to a production at the Strand Theatre, London on 23rd August with an international cast of equivalent quality. The London production was torn to pieces by the London critics: reacting to this, the management of the show announced something which (so far as I know) is unparalleled in the history of the London stage. They announced that for the second week of the run all seats would be free: confident that the public would like the show, they hoped in this way to launch it successfully despite the bad notices. This announcement was front-page news, bringing in something like 10,000 applications for seats—far more than the seats available during the week. A very interesting experiment.*

One of the troubles with *The Princess* is that it claims to be a musical, when in fact it is a ballet of a very familiar genre. Though its production may have been indirectly inspired by the success of *West Side Story* (where dramatic dancing in the jazz idiom is all-important) it is not in the least like any Broadway musical. What it does resemble rather closely is the type of fairy-tale ballets in several acts staged by the Royal Ballet in recent years such as *Cinderella* and above all Cranko's *Prince of the Pagodas* (which like *The Princess* is based on a synthetic fairy-tale devised by the choreographer).

Jo Anna lacks invention, and the patterns of steps she evolves are all too predictable, with their echoes of all the well-known classics. But she has a definite professional competence which keeps the show moving, and one must give her credit for assembling an excellent ballet company and (with her husband) rehearsing it to achieve a high standard of polish. That splendid artist Violette Verdy dances with intelligence, charm and precision in the title role; Pierre Lacotte is dark and dashing as The Villager (the hero); Terry Gilbert puts humour and grace into the role of The Villager as a boy; Jo Anna is properly sinister and voluptuous in the Odile-like role of Tears; Richard Morris is effective in an odd pseudo-oriental dance which is much closer to the jazz idiom than to Indian dancing; a "baby ballerina" of twelve (Claudia Cravey) performs difficult technical feats with aplomb; Keith Beckett clowns energetically as the Self-Appointed Mayor; and there are four talented soloists—the Americans Donna Rae and Victoria Leigh, the Canadian Christina Coleman and the English danseuse Selena Wylie—who give spirited performances in roles corresponding roughly to the fairies in *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Cinderella*. It is well worth a visit to see all these artists.

What prevents these artists from making the same impact as comparable artists in a ballet such as *The Prince of the Pagodas* or *Cinderella* is the music by Mario Bragiotti. This keeps evoking ballet music by nineteenth-century composers such as Delibes, Tchaikovsky and Drigo, sometimes straying farther back (as far as Handel) or forward as far as Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. This type of pastiche is combined with the characteristic devices of the Hollywood film-composers—above all the angelic choir vocalizing without words, which recurs so often that one half expects a screen to replace the dancers. A mixture of styles such as this is tolerable in a Christmas pantomime (which in fact depends on every sort of incongruity), but it does not suit a ballet.

*This bid for survival came off, and the show continued its run.—*Editor.*

BALLETS AFRICAINS OF THE REPUBLIC OF GUINEA

SINCE this company last appeared in London its country (Guinea) has become an independent republic, and its director (Keita Fodeba) has become a member of the government of Guinea. The troupe is now the official State troupe, with the important task of reviving and developing the country's cultural heritage; in fact, dance is at the very heart and centre of artistic activities in a great many countries of Africa, and we may hope that the example of Guinea will be followed by all the newly independent African countries, now engaged in forging their own destinies.

We should have been disappointed if the Guinea company (under its new artistic director Kante Facelli) did not reflect in some way the fact that the country has won its independence, and indeed several items have a political theme—notably the small ballets *Forced Labour* and *Midnight*. Both are concerned with injustice and harsh treatment. Neither can be considered very successful artistically, for the mime is crude and unrelated to the style of dancing, problems of developing dramatically expressive dancing out of folk-dances have not been solved, and the construction is weak: *Midnight*, for example, has a very interesting story (based on a poem by Keita Fodeba) which is described at great length in the programme—but very little of this is actually staged. Nevertheless this is a beginning of something very important: it is in dance, song and instrumental music combined with masks and costumes and used to tell a poetic story that we may hope the new African states will develop their own traditions of theatre and give meaning to the concept of "Negritude"—an African culture rooted in the African past and capable of rich development.

In its essentials the programme is much as it was before, even though the items have been changed. The vocabulary of movement is rather limited, and so the items seem to resemble each other a good deal, apart from the changes of costumes and drum-rhythms and occasional leaps demanding exceptional agility from male dancers. One item which stands out is *The Birdmen*, in which two dancers wear marvellous costumes which make them look rather like feathered hedgehogs as well as very high headdresses: they move in unison, carrying wands, in a ritual dance which (we are told) has the meaning of a night patrol to keep morals in hand—though, in fact, it suggests something much more magical. Another effective item is *Initiation in Ferekoroba*, in which we see intriguing evolutions of a line of girls and a line of men: the latter perform in unison strong leg-movements (including drops to a kneeling position) which remind one slightly of the magnificent Sop dances of Yugoslavia.

After the interval the events on the stage bear such a vague relationship to what is printed in the programme that the latter becomes a distraction. In fact, keeping rigidly to a printed programme, night after night, is false to the character of African art (which is essentially spontaneous and improvisatory) and Kante Facelli would be well advised to use a commentator to introduce all the main items rather than just the one item *Midnight*.

The musical side of the programme is of special interest. The musicians include a number of good drummers (including one virtuoso, Camara Ladji) and players on some fascinatingly exotic instruments: nose-flutes, harps of an ancient Egyptian shape, a strange box-shaped instrument which represents a combination of guitar and drum and is played accordingly, and cow-horns which produce a single mournful note and are played by dancers. At one point, towards the end, an ensemble begins to build up in which it looks as if we shall hear all these instruments playing together; but the ensemble peters out in a way which is unfortunately untheatrical, even though typically African. It is important for the future of African theatrical art that directors of African companies should learn to recognise opportunities such as this and take advantage of them.

ROYAL BALLET SEASON

AT the performance which opened a two-week season at Covent Garden on 15th August we saw the entire second company (corps de ballet and soloists) joined by nearly all the ballerinas, principal male dancers and senior soloists of the first company. By now the process of integration of the repertoires of the two sections of the Royal Ballet has gone so far that a combined performance of this type presents relatively little difficulty to the management or the artists, and offers some unexpected and fascinating juxtapositions.

One such juxtaposition was to be seen in the opening ballet, *Les Sylphides*. Here Elizabeth Anderton, one of the most promising soloists of the second company, danced the Valse alongside solos from Margot Fonteyn, Rosemary Lindsay and David Blair. Elizabeth Anderton broke away from the accepted interpretation of the Valse to show it as something gay and sparkling, with only a small element of dreamy romanticism. I think that possibly she went too far in the direction of gaiety, but her instinct was basically sound: in fact Fokine intended each of the big solos (and even each of the tiny fragments of solos allotted to certain dancers in the groups) to have its own mood and to be human as well as mysterious and nostalgic. It was interesting, too, to see Margot Fonteyn giving to some of Fokine's ideas fuller expression than ever before: working closely with David Blair, she built up the relationship between the woman and the man in the pas de deux, clearly establishing them as people in love with each other—and even appearing to be conversing with each other at times. The whole of her dancing in *Les Sylphides* is now exquisitely Fokinian—a model to young dancers. They should watch how, in the big lift in which the danseuse leans back over her partner's shoulder, she makes the *cabriole* low and gentle—avoiding the high kick which is all too common and quite contrary to the mood of the pas de deux. In the same way she phrases the steps with the proper rubato, speeding up connecting steps to gain time for sustaining the important positions such as *attitude*.

PINEAPPLE POLL

In *Pineapple Poll* we saw a typical—and very effective—"second company" performance, with the leading roles taken by Audrey Farris (as usual making Poll into an exuberantly rollicking tomboy), Donald Britton (making a bluff and vital sea-dog of Captain Belaye) and Johaar Mosavaal pathetic as Jasper the Pot-Boy. Mosavaal is one of the very rare artists to whom the movements of the classical technique seem so natural that it is hard to imagine him ever having to learn them: the fact that his cultural background (that of a Moslem family in the Cape) is remote from the European ballet world makes his achievement all the more remarkable—and at the same time illustrates the international quality of ballet.

BIRTHDAY OFFERING

The main event of the evening was the revival of *Birthday Offering*. This was arranged by Ashton in 1956 to exploit the particular qualities of technique, style and personality of the leading danseuses in the company at the time: Fonteyn, Grey, Elvin, Nerina, Jackson, Beriosova and Fifield. Four of these dancers have left the company and so anything like a close approximation to the original cast would have been impossible. In fact, the opportunity was taken of rehearsing a completely new cast of danseuses (apart from Fonteyn) and giving opportunities to one junior ballerina (Page) and five highly promising young soloists (Lane, Park, Seymour, Sibley and Parkinson). Though the newcomers suffered inevitably from the fact that they had to take over roles exactly tailored to fit their predecessors, they gave a very good account of themselves and, after a few more performances, they should have achieved the precision and high polish which is all-important in this display piece. Already the average standard is comparable to that of the original production; eventually it should be even better.

Among so much brilliance and individuality it is hard to pick and choose, but certain things remain in the memory: Maryon Lane flicking one foot in front of the other with crisp elegance; Merle Park throwing herself off balance to one side with the perfect timing and easy assurance so typical of her; Lynn Seymour curling her hands over her head to give a Spanish flavour; Antoinette Sibley darting out in sudden audacious *grands jetés en avant* and varying the timing of repeated steps to give her solo a dramatic shape and meaning. Inevitably, of course, the most vivid memory is of Margot Fonteyn, combining tenderness, radiance and brilliance in her own inimitable way in the fast beaten steps of her solo; her mature artistry contrasted admirably with the slightly erratic promise of the youngsters and made a fine climax to the ballet.

SWEENEY TODD

THIS Cranko ballet, first performed at Stratford-upon-Avon last December by the second company, had its Covent Garden première on 16th August. Here Cranko set himself the task of burlesquing a Victorian melodrama. This is hardly an original idea—there have been a good many "cod" productions of famous melodramas—but he tackled something rather more difficult in that at the same time he had to transpose the action into choreographic terms.

Possibly in order to be able to draw on such easily available sources as the Keystone cops and the Maxixe dance, he changed the period from Victorian to late Edwardian. There is no reason why Sweeney Todd should not be funny as an Edwardian; the trouble was, however, that Cranko seemed quite unable to find a comic angle of approach to his material, and most of the dancing and miming was uninventive, heavy-footed and stale, without any wit or effective satire. One exceptional scene showed what was lacking in the rest of the ballet: here Colonel Jeffrey (Indian Army) hid under a table and, in due course, we saw the table moving across the stage, having apparently grown a pair of human feet. This scene had freshness and wit, but one longed in vain for any recurrence of these qualities in the rest of the ballet.

Cranko was not helped very much by the Malcolm Arnold music, which showed no grasp of the period and had none of the essential satirical bite: parts of it were tuneful in a desultory way, while other parts seemed to be aiming (but without much success) at "straight" horror. It is odd that Arnold seems to have learned nothing from the satirical ballet music of such composers as Stravinsky, Satie, Prokofiev and Shostakovich, and almost ignored the music-hall songs of the period, which would have provided him with a rich mine of material.

Alix Stone's costumes, on the other hand, had exactly the right satirical flavour. Some of the costumes were gems—notably the tight-fitting uniform and elevator boots which made Colonel Jeffrey look delightfully tall and lean, and Johanna's second costume, padded to give her an Edwardian hour-glass figure. His settings had an appropriate element of macabre surrealist fantasy and did their job efficiently, though they were rather too fussy, lacking the breadth and assurance one might have expected from an artist like Larionov.

The dancers on the whole did Cranko proud, performing with fine gusto and doing their best to find humour in the stodgy choreography. Donald Britton was properly gloating and horrific as Sweeney and, among the smaller roles, Ian Hamilton stood out as the elegant, snooty and infinitely self-possessed Colonel Jeffrey—an Ouida guards officer to the life. Elizabeth Anderton tackled Johanna (the first role she has created) with her characteristic exuberance and vitality, giving Johanna a penchant for flirting with any man within range and a fine talent for shocking her parents. Clearly she is now moving rapidly up the ladder of advancement; in a radio interview on the morning after the première she revealed that she is due to dance the leads in *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan-Lake* in Nottingham.

BLOOD WEDDING

It was wonderful to see Anne Heaton dancing once again at Covent Garden in one of her great roles (The Bride in *Blood Wedding*) and to realise that she will now be appearing there from time to time as guest artist; her performance had a radiance which suggested that she too was very glad to be back in the great old opera house, making contact with the public from whom she took her farewell last year.

The production of *Blood Wedding* has been changed to some extent, in harmony with the changes which the choreographer Alfred Rodrigues and the designer Isabel Lambert made when they worked on a production of the ballet for the Royal Danish Ballet last year. The most important change is that of making Death a man; this is right and proper, for it brings the ballet closer to Lorca's intention: the woman in a red cloak of the original production had a meretricious glamour quite false to Lorca's play. The ragged cloak that Death now wears is an excellent idea, but it is too regular in outline to give any real suggestion of disease and squalor; moreover, Christopher Gable shows a neat head of black hair which is out of keeping with Lorca's horrible death-figure.

The scene in the forest is now largely ineffective, in spite of ApIvor's disturbing and mysterious music and the fine performances by Anne Heaton and Donald Britton, because there is no visual suggestion whatever of a forest. In one of the most original and effective scenes of the original production we saw members of the corps de ballet in appropriate costumes representing trees: the Moon, hungry for blood, opened out the trees to reveal the lovers. Now that the trees have been eliminated, the point of the scene is lost. It would be possible to represent the forest by a change of decor, but this solution is weak and unimaginative compared with the original, which is truly balletic.

Desmond Doyle, taking over the part of the Bridegroom, is less affected than his predecessor Michael Boulton, but is still a long way from the virile figure incarnated by Pirmin Trecu and demanded by the story. Audrey Farris is splendid as Leonardo's wife, making convincing her jealousy and sudden outbursts of defiance.

For some obscure reason John Lanchbery (who knows very well how to give the right shape and quality to ApIvor's music, and earlier in the programme conducted *Sweeney Todd*) was replaced in the podium by Emanuel Young—who fumbled ineffectually with some

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The remainder of

FESTIVAL BALLET SEASON

THE WITCH BOY

On the evening of 23rd July the Festival Ballet distinguished itself by an outstanding performance of *The Witch Boy*, in many ways the best item in its repertoire. For one thing the story and Jack Carter's choreography give unique opportunities to John Gilpin, who is so perfectly cast in the title role it is hard to credit the fact that it was not originally created for him. (No doubt Carter took advantage of Gilpin's fabulous technique to make additions to the role when he produced it for the Festival Ballet.) From the moment of Gilpin's first appearance (when the Conjur-Man suddenly reveals him) he establishes himself as a supernatural creature: this is more difficult for boys than girls—the latter having the advantage of the full pointe, which looks superhuman—but Gilpin achieved a corresponding effect by drawing his raised toe into a curve of superhuman convexity. (*The Witch Boy* is in fact a romantic ballet akin to those of the 19th century, differing from them in having a supernatural boy leading a girl astray, instead of vice versa.)

From thereon Gilpin showed real imagination in making his virtuosic leaps and sudden fast pirouettes a convincing expression of the nature of the Witch Boy: the movements had their proper classical ease and fluidity, but he added to these qualities a ferocity and sharp attack which transformed them most effectively.

His performance gained a good deal from being combined with a powerful interpretation of Barbara Allen by Belinda Wright, who has developed considerable dramatic ability, and is very well cast in a passionate modern role like this. Carter's choreography for this role is much more conventional than that for the Witch Boy, and she is forced to act her feelings rather than dance them: nevertheless she makes us feel very clearly the irresistible attraction she feels for the strange boy from the moment she sees him, and this in turn makes convincing her self-abandon once she has overcome her initial fear. The 19th century showed us men torn from all their usual feelings and habits by a hallucinatory projection of their internal image of what Jung calls the anima—the eternal Woman, mysterious and compelling—sylph, wili or water-sprite. The animus, the image of man which women carry within them, is not usually an exact equivalent of the anima, but in Carter's ballet the Witch Boy comes very close to being just this.

A third admirable performance was given by Deidre O'Conaire in the role of the Store-Keeper. This is one of those roles which—though not long or technically very complex—are of vital importance in the development of a ballet. Deidre O'Conaire has already given signs of exceptional versatility, but it was still surprising to see this beautiful, lyrical and elegant classical dancer in a red dress and a red wig, transformed into a violent and ferocious virago, whipping the others up into a lynching frenzy. Even when she became absorbed into the corps de ballet, performing the same movements as them, she still dominated the stage by the force and breadth of her movements and the intensity of her projection.

The corps de ballet (both female and male) danced admirably in this scene and also in the barn dance which precedes it, each making a real attempt at characterisation (in the great Russian tradition) and yet merging themselves in a disciplined way with the general movement.

The lighting, too, was up to the same high standard as the rest of the production; like the decor, it made effective use of the unusual shape of the Festival Hall stage—wide, low and shallow. This shape is very difficult for artists who think in terms of normal stages, but in fact it is close to that of the Kabuki stage—which has decor and lighting second to none—and Carter, his designer (Normal McDowell) and the lighting director (Carter himself!) show what can be done with the Festival stage. There is an excellent fade-in at the beginning of Scene 1 (beginning with a spot on the Store Keeper and gradually building up), with a corresponding fade-out at the end of the scene, and in Scene 2 a mysterious mountain-side is suggested simply and effectively by a blue spot directed at the side of the cyclorama at the very side, the patch of light being partly hidden by the scenery.

ROMEO AND JULIET

The production of *Romeo and Juliet* (29th July) was chiefly of interest because (like *Swan Lake* the week before) it gave one a chance of seeing Belinda Wright and Jelko Yuresha working together with fine harmony of rhythm and a constant interplay of dramatic action: whenever one of them expressed a feeling, this aroused an instant response in the other, and it was a real pleasure to see two artists for once looking at each other as if they were really intereated in each other. (All too often dancers look right through each other.)

Jelko Yuresha has a splendid technique and all the breadth, grace and poetry of movement characteristic of the great Russian school—as he showed in his big solo in the B.B.C. production of *The Sleeping Beauty* some months ago. In *Romeo and Juliet* Oleg Briansky's choreography, with its rather obvious combinations of classroom steps, did not give Yuresha much chance of building up Romeo's character and expressing his feelings; but he came into his own in the final death scene, which he acted with great sincerity and simplicity: he was particularly good at the moment when he looked ahead at a life without Juliet, found it unbearable, and suddenly took his own life. Here he had clearly been able to work up the role for himself.

Belinda Wright was also at her best at the end of the ballet, when she slowly awoke from her coma and found Romeo dead beside her. Throughout the ballet her dancing had a child-like simplicity and fluidity which was right for Juliet.

It was Lifar who first choreographed *Romeo and Juliet* as a "dance drama for two" to the music of Tchaikovsky, and Briansky tackled the story in a rather Lifarian manner, though only in a few places (such as the sword-fight) did his choreography show much direct influence from the Lifar ballet. Unfortunately the Shakespeare story is much too complex for a pas de deux lasting a quarter of an hour: the action moves with almost ludicrous speed at times, and the characters of Romeo and Juliet cannot be built up properly because they make no contact with the other characters of the play.

BOURRÉE FANTASQUE

Irrespective of the music to which they are set, all Balanchine's abstract ballets resemble each other fairly closely. The movements are taken from the classroom, and the enchainements have much in common with those of the most stereotyped ballets of the late nineteenth century. There is great emphasis on symmetry and uniformity, with lines of dancers performing the same step in unison. Repetition is also very common: a simple pattern of steps is repeated by group after group, over and over again, without variation except in direction. For a great deal of the time dancers face the front in a very obvious way, without the nuances of *épaulement* which form one of the most poetic aspects of the classical tradition.

Balanchine's strange attitude to the classical tradition is seen at its most perverse and characteristic in his treatment of the music: he prefers to ignore its phrasing and rhythms, setting the steps he has in mind to the *notes* of the music and imposing his own four-square patterns of repeats regardless of consequences. Over the years he has developed a powerful sort of algebra, and his dancers have had to learn to count in the most intricate way so that they can keep track of the notes on which they have to perform each step: the dancers of the Festival Ballet must have had a considerable shock when they first tackled Balanchine's choreography in *Bourrée Fantasque;* but they were fortunate in having an admirable producer in Una Kai, and did reasonably well at the première on 18th August, keeping strictly together in symmetrical evolutions in which the slightest mistake would have been desperately obvious. Eventually, they failed to master completely the so-called Balanchine style which comes so naturally to American dancers—clean, cool, non-committal, almost athletic, with its own sophisticated charm—but they moved some distance in that direction, and a number even managed the hard American make-ups and coiffures appropriate to a Balanchine ballet.

But *Bourrée Fantasque* is something more than a run-of-the-mill Balanchine abstraction: it has a first section which has a strong element of satire inspired by the music (Chabrier's *Bourrée Fantasque*) and reveals Balanchine's gifts for comedy, which unfortunately he has largely neglected since the Diaghilev days. In such a satirical item Balanchine's very odd methods of choreography—so ill-adapted to the serious and abstract vein which is normal to him—are perfectly at home. According to the programme, the first section is "an ironic commentary on ballet elegance," and Tanaquil LeClercq (Balanchine's wife, who originally created the leading role in the first section) made it all of that and more: with her long legs and wicked sense of humour she made mock not only of the classical tradition but also (at times) of Balanchines' other abstract ballets, with a few side-swipes at modern dance, and kept up a wonderful atmosphere of crazy incoherence.

Unfortunately Marilyn Burr was not well cast in this role, being quite unlike Tanaquil LeClercq in physique, style and temperament. The following Saturday (20th August) Deirdre O'Conaire took over the LeClercq role with devastating brilliance: with her long legs and elegant style she made the movements come to life just as LeClercq had done, and achieved much the same comic madness. Three things had come together: a highly talented producer, the right physique, and remarkable artistic gifts to go with the physique. The effect was as if the clouds of time had rolled away, leaving the original *Bourrée Fantasque* shining out fresh as paint. It was a joy to watch Deirdre O'Conaire run a gamut of mock emotions in a few seconds: astonishment, disdain, perplexity, snootiness, bravado. She towered over her partner (Max Natiez), as was right and proper, and sometimes got involved in a tangle of holds that cocked a delicious snoot at all pas de deux work: in a way this was like some scenes of *Gala Performance*, and yet it had an elegant madness all its own.

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REMAINDER OF

BALLET RAMBERT SEASON

TUDOR EVENING

The Tudor evening has become a standard (and very important) feature of the Ballet Rambert's seasons at Sadler's Wells. The atmosphere at these performances is quite unlike anything else in the ballet world: clearly the programmes mean quite as much to the dancers of the company as they do to the spectators. One can sense the dancers devoting themselves in an almost religious way to the great choreography, and drawing strength and inspiration from the rapport they establish with the audience—particularly in *Dark Elegies*. This was given an intelligent performance on 22nd July, and as always made a deep impression. Inevitably that highly gifted artist Gillian Martlew came nearest to what Tudor intended, dancing with admirable subtlety and restraint in the pas de deux, yet also bringing out the tragic feelings of the woman: for this is a ballet which is "classical" in the same sense as a tragedy by Sophocles or Racine, demanding the expression of profound emotion with dignity, simplicity and restraint. As before June Sandbrook showed sincerity but suffered from the fact that she did not know the right line or feeling to achieve in some of the movements in the First Song; Lucette Aldous (Fourth Song) has got more into the style of the ballet, but still does not understand that Tudor's characters are real people with real problems and real emotions.

But it was in *Jardin aux Lilas* (Lilac Garden) that Lucette Aldous, taking over the role of Caroline, showed herself most at sea. No doubt because this role is much closer stylistically to those to which she is accustomed, she treated it as if it were one of these roles, seeking to make the most of each step by pointing her feet, raising her legs, stretching her arms and inclining her head to the limit. This almost purely physical approach had a very disturbing effect on the impact of the ballet: for in all Tudor works expression is paramount, and any stress of technique tears the very fabric of his art.

Judgment of Paris was as bitter and uproariously funny as usual, with Gillian Martlew being fabulously vacuous and bored as the girl with the hoops. Elsa Recagno puts on a face which goes very well with this sordid ballet, but she cannot resist the temptation actually to *dance* some of the steps: the whole point of the ballet is that the floozies cannot and do not dance at all.

The evening ended with a scintillating *Gala Performance:* this ballet is now performed as well as at any time in the company's history, and is the best-staged item in its repertoire. Gillian Martlew was as magnificently glacial as usual as the Ballerina from Milan, and she was most ably backed up by a stunning interpretation of the Ballerina from Moscow, danced by Anna Truscott. To satirise the bravura of a certain type of Bolshoi ballerina one must have the strength and assurance of the original—and this is just what Anna Truscott displayed, flashing from time to time a bloodcurdling smile which she turned on and off like a tap. And credit must be given to the girls of the corps de ballet for producing exactly the right plump, amiable and dithery idiocy of the Victorian ballet girl.

Lucette Aldous danced the Ballerina from Paris during the Tudor programme, and Shirley Dixon the following evening. Lucette Aldous danced the steps most beautifully, but Shirley Dixon was more successful in catching the right mood of slap-happy playfulness; in fact she evoked very vividly the very first Ballerina from Paris—Gerd Larsen, who created the role in 1938.

THE SYLPH

After Lucette Aldous' fabulous impersonation of the doll Coppélia, I looked forward with great interest to see what she would make of another non-human role, the Sylph—which she took over from Elsa Marianne von Rosen for several performances during the Rambert season at Sadler's Wells.

Purely as a piece of dancing, it had many merits: she phrased cleanly, her feet were consistently well pointed, and she used her arms with breadth and confidence: even the most difficult steps and turns apparently gave her no trouble at all, and it was always a pleasure to watch her. The trouble was that she remained Lucette Aldous all the time: one never felt that this Sylph was a mysterious, adorable and disturbing creature belonging to a quite different world. The fact is that an archetypal figure like a Sylph makes far more demands on the interpreter than a doll: if she is to become a satisfactory projection of man's suppressed desires and aspirations, she must be created by the artist with the whole of her psyche working in harmony—and only the great mature artists can do this. There was one episode when Lucette Aldous did show some feeling for the character of the Sylph: this was in Act II Scene 2, when she clapped her hands with joy at the sight of the scarf which James was offering her; here and in her frozen horror as the poison in the scarf began to take effect, she showed the beginnings of dramatic understanding.

Madame Rambert has a number of female soloists who might be expected to make something very interesting of the role of the Sylph—notably Gillian Martlew, June Sandbrook and Anna Truscott—and one may hope for some intriguing variations on this role in future. But the company is weak in male soloists of this calibre, and even to find one James capable of challenging the memory of Flemming Flindt seems impossible. Kenneth Bannerman (who danced James on the matinee of 30th July) was probably the best of those available, but he showed little of the power and dramatic ability required by the role, and his mime was quite wooden: he never seemed to believe or feel what he was "saying". His best moments came in his solo in Act II Scene 2, when he showed a clean pair of feet . . . I recommend both to him and to Lucette Aldous a visit to Copenhagen to see the Royal Danes in this great ballet.

FESTIVAL BALLET (*Continued from page 7*)

The other solo roles offer few opportunities compared with the lead in the first section. Belinda Wright and John Gilpin made a brave attempt to find meaning in the solos of the second section. Gilpin, in particular was hampered by the costume and the ridiculous beret: Karinska can make tutus for girls, but her ideas for "classic" male costumes I find very depressing.

GALA PERFORMANCE

The gala performance on 8th September began with *Aubade*, the Lifar ballet newly adapted by Vladimir Skouratoff. This work has all the typical defects of Lifar ballets; but it does have a role for the ballerina which—as Zizi Jeanmaire showed some ten years ago—offers some scope for wit and intelligence. Deidre O'Conaire (as the goddess Diana) established a strikingly individual accent from her first entrance in a lilting series of small *poses:* she exploited every tiny opportunity for characterisation or change of mood, and danced the role with such goddess-like poise that it carried conviction even in its most illogical gimmicks. Her Diana was distinctly romantic, in a Celto-Russian manner—in contrast to Jeanmaire's, which was very French. Skouratoff did his best with the unrewarding role of Actaeon, a typical Lifar hero who confines himself mainly to *doubles tours en l'air* and bravura poses.

The Hungarian guest artists (Gabriella Lakatos and Ferenc Havas) were disappointing in two pas de deux in the Bolshoi manner. Both have a rough style and pay no attention to the subtleties of the classical tradition, displaying rather than concealing the effort needed to perform difficult steps. Gabriella Lakatos was seen to best advantage in a fast-spinning solo with a tambourine.

André Prokovsky, dancing better than for a long time, did very well in the man's solo in the *Don Quixote* grand pas de deux: his *doubles cabrioles* were taken almost impossibly high in the air without apparent effort. Belinda Wright and John Gilpin were well cast in the "Peasant" pas de deux from *Giselle*, but for some reason looked strained.

The major novelty of the evening was *Grand Pas des Fiancées*, a pas de six arranged by Jack Carter to the music which Tchaikovsky composed for the prospective brides in Act III of *Swan Lake*, but which is normally unused in current productions of the ballet. This was a polished, professional choreography in the Ashton manner, showing Carter to be continuing to develop his musicality and his grasp of stage patterns—the latter being strikingly effective in the finale. One must suppose that Tchaikovsky imagined two of the "fiancées" to come from the East, for two of the variations have melodies set for wood-wind in a rather exotic manner: Carter reacted intelligently to this flavour in the music by giving some slight oriental touches to the arm movements. The Argentinian Olga Ferri showed to better advantage in one of these "Oriental" variations than in her previous appearances with the company; other good performances were given by Belinda Wright and Dianne Richards (who is now developing fast as a soloist). The costumes and headdresses designed by Norman MacDowell were stunningly effective, with a gamut of Bakstian colours.

The evening ended appropriately with *Bourrée Fantasque*, with Deidre O'Conaire even more elegantly funny in the Tanaquil LeClercq role.

ROYAL BALLET SEASON (*Continued from page 6*)

of the tempi, and at one point managed to get the wind players in a muddle.

Being a powerful dramatic ballet, *Blood Wedding* strengthens considerably an important section of the Royal Ballet's repertoire, and one may hope that further changes will be made to the production to give the ballet its full impact.

Baroness Von Rosen writes of her experiences

STAGING "LA SYLPHIDE"

for the BALLET RAMBERT'S London Season

DURING the three weeks of rehearsals with the Ballet Rambert's dancers, I was often asked, how I, a Swedish dancer, could possess an intimate knowledge of the famous Danish ballet style, the Bournonville-school. Before talking about the actual work with the ballet *La Sylphide*, I think the reader should know that a few weeks after the end of the war—and the German occupation of Denmark—I was officially invited, as the first foreigner ever, by The Royal Theatre in Copenhagen to join ballet classes, the schools (in Bournonville style, modern classical technique, character and mime), and to visit all rehearsals etc. as long as I liked. I mention this, not only to explain why I know something about the old Danish repertoire, but because it gives me an opportunity to express my deep gratitude and everlasting thanks towards the teachers, who possessed such idealistic and wholehearted veneration for the work of August Bournonville, the great 19th century balletmaster.

With admiration I remember lessons with Harald Lander, now directeur de la danse at the Paris Opera, and his unforgettable rehearsals with the company. It is his work, which we still see in the inspired productions of the romantic ballets in Copenhagen. Amongst others I must express my gratitude to my personal friend, Hans Brenaa, to the (now retired) head of the children's school Mr. Karl Merrild, Madame Edel Pedersen, Margot Lander, Gerda Karstens and at least a dozen young dancers, who in their free hours helped the foreign dancer who was so completely different in style, technique etc.

I stayed in Copenhagen for two years, and when I returned to Stockholm, I felt, this had been the turning point of my life. First of all, because I had learned one of the best classical systems in the world, secondly because I so conscientiously had been given to understand the difference between the contemporary and the romantic school. When later I performed the romantic roles, it became quite natural for me to build on a completely different perception then, and when I had to face the modern repertoire.

La Sylphide which I recently had the honour to stage for the Ballet Rambert is one of the most popular Bournonville ballets in the Danish repertoire. Originally, August Bournonville saw the Taglioni ballet *La Sylphide* together with his young pupil Lucile Grahn in Paris. The work—which Bournonville never claimed to be his own original invention—was staged in 1836 for the old Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. The choreography throughout was signed Bournonville, and the original score had been changed to one by Løvenskjold.

When last year I was asked by the Swedish Riksteatern and the Danish Andels-Teatret to head their "Scandinavian Ballet" as soloist and choreographer, besides creating my own ballet (*Irene Holm*), I was asked to stage *La Sylphide*, the famous Danish classic. If I had thought that the version would be only a cheapened version of that performed by The Royal Theatre, I would have declined, but earlier my husband, Allan Fridericia had told me about the great differences between the actual performances and the older ballet. He showed me, that Danish balletmasters after Bournonville had adapted much from the French original, not least in the decor, and had abridged the work so that it appealed to more modern audiences. I felt that it would be in the spirit of my teachers if I tried to reinstate the old material and gave my attention to the study of the original Bournonville version. This, I felt Harald Lander would have done one day. I remember that during the last season in Copenhagen he had spoken about reinstating quite a lot in *Napoli*. Conscientious and sensitive as he is, about that time he felt he had now recreated an interest in the Bournonville ballets and could permit himself to go further.

The first step was to find someone who knew the Bournonville choreography throughout as performed earlier. After quite a lot of research, on the Danish island Bornholm in the Baltic sea my husband found the ballerina Ellen Price de Plane, who had retired from The Royal Theatre in 1912. If anyone in the world would be able to give me genuine knowledge of *La Sylphide* it must be this lady for when she herself was to dance the part for the first time she had learned it from her aunt Juliette Price, who had an accident on the stage in 1856. Sitting in a chair she taught her young niece the role as the great maître Bournonville himself had taught it to her.

Now, the young niece is 82 years old, but she promised my husband to help us.

I will never as long as I live forget Ellen Price de Plane, when she acted the death scene for me. I wept every time. Even now I can hear her fragile soft voice explaining in the very same words, what her aunt had once taught her. She told me how a Sylphide dies—not with any cramped movements of fear, but fading away like a butterfly in the evening or a petal falling from a rose, and all the time with the love for her James in her eyes.

And the next moment she would fling off her shoes and dance for me the sylphide-variations and her gaiety was as fresh as a morning in April.

I also had very great help from Margrethe Brock-Nielsen, another retired dancer from the Royal Theatre. First, she had started as one of the children (which we had to omit), later she progressed through the roles of Scottish girl, sylph, the fiancé of James, Effie and—the title role. In our version she added the last important role to this astonishing gallery, that of the witch Magde. Madame Brock-Nielsen has a wonderful memory and now she helped me, not only remembering details from her own parts, but even showed me the boys variations—because "we, in the school even did all the boys variations".

These two great personalities did not only help and encourage me but listened eagerly to every result we got from research in other places. Among these, I must mention the consequences of re-introducing the Bournonville scenery. In Act 1 especially, nearly all mime scenes became new and gained fresh importance through this step. I could see how the Bournonville mime throughout must appear plastic, and the positions of the door or the staircase to Effie's room claimed a richer use of the body when one pointed to the various things to express sentences in mime.

As a result we had to replace all the machinery omitted from the Royal Theatre's version, and I must confess that I was happy when I realised that it was not just the invention of the artist that in one of the famous lithographs La Sylphide is seen flying up to a tree to collect a birds-nest.

When one is working with a great task—and I find it so to preserve for future generations the intentions of the genius August Bournonville—it is of no real importance if one has presented the result. Even after our first night of *La Sylphide* with The Scandinavian Ballet I went on studying. I was therefore really happy when one day I met one of my old friends, Edel Petersen, who asked me why we did not have the "Nancy solo" in Act 1, for 30–40 years ago that had been her debut . . . My husband had always said that he felt sure it had been a female dance between the two boys soli just before the Reel. Now I could tell him he was right, and two weeks before I went to Madame Marie Rambert the delightful danseuse taught me the pas. In this company the solo is performed by Effie.

If there was ever a regisseur proud of not adding or changing things it is me. Throughout, I felt my task as reviving a great man's intention to life—a man, who becomes, greater and greater when you understand his delicate, choreographical composition and forceful dramatic feeling. I must confess, that I have changed some details, all of inferior meaning and by reason of changes done a long, long time ago (some of them even made in the lifetime of Bournonville). Our limited corps de ballet made it necessary to re-arrange some of the patterns in the ensembles, but still, I hope, that all these are of purely academic interest.

Even in The Scandinavian Ballet I had to face that I was going to work with dancers not trained in the special Bournonville style of dancing. Soon I realised that even they were impressed by the quality of the old choreography and mime, and they gave me the courage to accept the kind invitation from Madame Marie Rambert to stage the ballet in England.

In London, I not only met the most encouraging interest from Madame Rambert and Mr. David Ellis, but equally from every member of the company. I did not make it easier for them to execute the choreography by adopting more modern style. It has been wonderful to see how intensely hard everybody tried to learn the old school. It is this attitude which gives me hope that this famous English company will succeed in creating for the romantic genius August Bournonville many new admirers and give the audience a glimpse of what the art of ballet was—and is!

ELSA MARIANNE VON ROSEN

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am disturbed by Mr. Fernau Hall's comments on *The Pheasant* performed during the recent season given by the Bolshoi dancers at the Royal Albert Hall. He states: "the choreographer L. Grikurova and the soloist Suzanna Zviagina showed almost no understanding of the nature of Azerbaidjanian dancing." Quite apart from the fact that it was a most eloquent dance, stylishly performed, I am interested to know what gives Mr. Hall the right to imply that he has more understanding of Azerbaidjanian dancing than the choreographer or the interpreter. Has he studied this form of dance? Has he been to the Caucasus? I presume also he has reasons to support his statement that Zviagina "made a series of awkward little rushes round the stage interspersed with crude flicking movements of her hands that were *totally un-Caucasian*" (the italics are mine)—or has he?

I am aware that this dance was different in feeling and style from the example of Azerbaidjanian dancing performed by the Georgian State Dancers, but is it too much to suppose that there is more than one facet to Caucasian dancing?

Yours, etc.,
AMY THOMPSON

P.S.—Incidentally Mr. Hall might be interested to learn that the "up-and-coming (previously unknown) female soloist, Irina Tikhomirnova," is an honoured Artiste of the Russian Soviet Republic, has been a ranking ballerina at the Bolshoi Theatre for many years, performed in England two years ago, and is, in fact, only a few years younger than Ulanova.

Fernau Hall writes:

I too am aware that there are many facets to Caucasian dances. I have seen a good many of them—Georgian, Azerbaijanian, Daghestanian, Armenian. I have even staged them, which is a good way of getting to know styles of dancing from the inside. I mentioned the particular dance performed by the Georgian State Dancers simply because it had been shown to large numbers at the Albert Hall in the recent past, and I could therefore assume that many readers would know exactly what I meant. There is no doubt whatever about the nature of the hand-movements in question: they belong to a large family of movements derived from the mudras of Indian dancing; wherever one sees them—Bali, Tadzhikistan, the Caucasus, or anywhere—they always have the same essential quality; and this quality was lacking in what Zviagina showed.

But I am sure the disagreement between Miss Thompson and myself goes deeper than a dispute about authenticity. The fundamental thing is that she liked the dance in question—to her it is "most eloquent" and "stylishly performed"—and she is therefore distressed that I did not like it too. But I found it awkward and crude. We must, I fear, agree to differ.

Finally I must thank Miss Thompson for correcting my error about Tikhomirnova.

from MEXICO

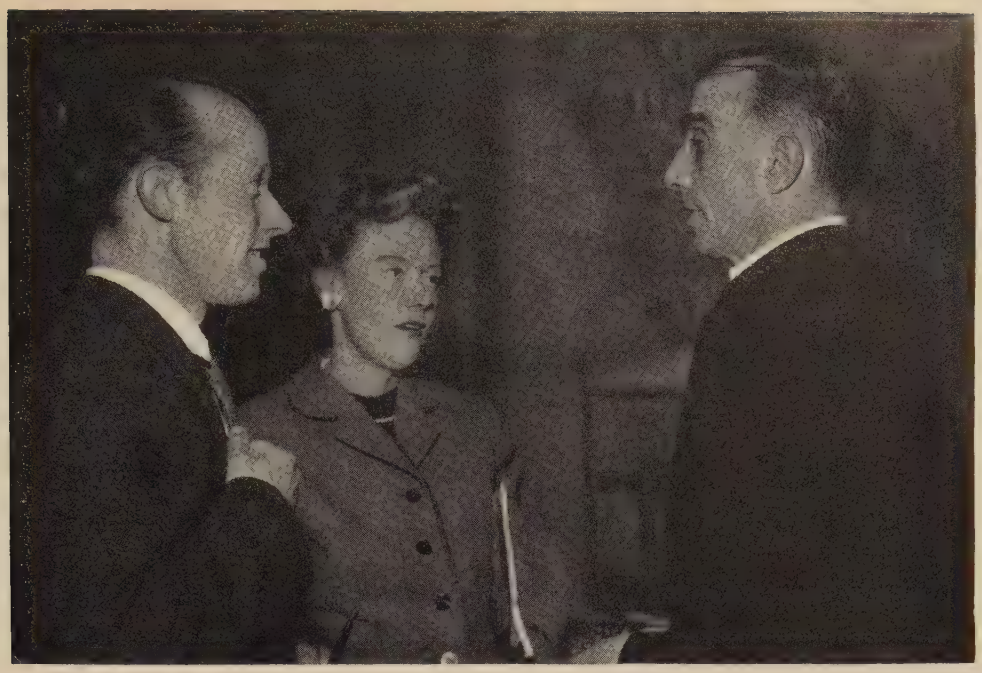
Dear Editor,

After having published the wonderful article written by Anton Dolin in regard to London's Festival Ballet's visit to this country—and which incidentally will be translated for one of our major newspapers—I thought perhaps it might interest the follower of the dance to know of some very interesting rehearsals taking place at the Academy of Modern Dance here in Mexico.

This department of the dance is under the direction of Ana Mérida, whose name appeared in your "News from here and there" column for the month of July. Her work and efforts are widely known in this country as well as in Central and South America and it is due to these efforts that she has brought Mme. Ana Sokolow, noted artist and former pupil of Martha Graham, to offer a 10-week course at the Academy.

The school of Modern Dance was founded around the year 1940, when Mme. Sokolow came back to this country after having given a successful season at the Palace of Fine Arts, so that she actually is one of the pillars who helped to build it. She gave extensive courses to a group of very talented pupils, some of whom were already professionals, but who needed the guiding hand to provide a solid technique and a start.

So the years have passed and the Academy of Modern Dance is at this moment preparing its repertoire for their upcoming Fall season. I have been attending their rehearsals and I have marvelled at Mme. Sokolow's creative talent and dynamism! She has composed a ballet which seems to comprise all psychological facets of the human soul. It seems almost too amazing, how many ways there are to stir the mind simply by watching the movements of the body with the technique followed by the school of expressionist dance: one may accept it or reject it—but one must invariably marvel at it! **Chris Muñoz**



Janet Sinclair, the author of this article, talking with Massine (right) in Amsterdam 1958, just after he had given his lecture on American Indian dances. On the left of Miss Sinclair is her husband Leo Kersley, who was then teaching ballet in Holland.

CHOREOGRAPHERS OF TODAY text by JANET SINCLAIR

Leonide Massine

TO write about the career of Leonide Massine in a single article is a task almost as formidable as to summarise the story of Wagner's "Ring" in a paragraph, for his influence both as dancer and choreographer on twentieth-century ballet has been almost incalculable. After his first two ballets (the first of which, *Le Soleil de Nuit*, survived over twenty years) he produced, in *The Good-Humoured Ladies*, a ballet in an entirely new genre; no mean feat for a young man, and one which was to be repeated in 1932 when he discovered, and later developed and discarded the "abstract" genre now reproduced ad nauseam by every ballet company throughout the Western world. Thus we see to this remarkable man we owe no less than two of the total of four novel trends which have developed in ballet during the past century.

It is odd that so few commentators on ballet history seem to have noticed the extraordinary importance of *The Good-Humoured Ladies* or realised how impoverished the current ballet repertory would be, had this work never been produced. Since 1786, the year which saw the birth of both *Les Caprices de Cupidon* and *La Fille mal Gardée*, no ballet was produced—or at least, none has survived—which could be described as pure comedy: and *The Good-Humoured Ladies* has the additional original feature of dealing with flesh-and-blood characters. Maruicca, Constanza, Battista and the rest may be stylised, but they are not fairies or mysterious beings from another world, nor Princes and Princesses, bacchantes, ghosts, magicians or characters of classical mythology. Having once struck this rich vein of untapped material, Massine proceeded to produce—among a proliferation of other types of ballet—a whole list of comedy works, the most notable being *Le Tricorne*, *Le Beau Danube*, *Gaité Parisienne* and *Mam'zelle Angot*. His imitators in this new genre are too many to enumerate, from Lichine's *Graduation Ball* to Cranko's *Pineapple Poll*, and it is an interesting reflection to consider that without *The Good-Humoured Ladies* in 1917 there might arguably have been no *Fancy Free* in 1944.

Since one of Massine's greatest assets is his sensitive reaction to the differing styles of the various musicians with whom, or to whom, he has worked, it is not surprising that he should have "discovered" (or better, invented) symphonic ballet, and no less inevitable that *Choreartium* (his most completely satisfying ballet) should have remained a legend for the two decades which have elapsed since its last London performance. The complete success of *Choreartium* has meant that its predecessor *Les Présages* has tended to be passed over; but seeing *Les Présages* again recently after a considerable lapse of time, performed (totally inadequately) by the Netherlands Ballet, without décor and in pale calf-length tutus, the effortless construction and magnificent choreographic pattern of this work could not be obscured. In *Les Présages* Massine not only discovered a new genre: he also brought in a completely new innovation—that of the asymetrical corps de ballet. Gone were the severe, regimented lines of the classical Petipa ballet: gone was the sharp differentiation between corps and soloist. Massine manoeuvred a vast cast of varying capabilities about the stage with as much ease as his imitators can present a pas de deux. Then, having developed this style to the very utmost, he calmly left it to his successors to wear it to rags while he went on to something else.

This ability to change from style to style, while yet preserving a characteristic essential Massine-ness, is what makes Massine the most representative of all choreographers of the twentieth century, and one who can maintain a complete evening, or several successive such evenings, of his own works without boring or exasperating the audience. Infinitely complex where complexity is called for, yet he can achieve a magnificent simplicity (for example, the third movement of *Symphonie Fantastique*) almost equalling that of Fokine. Simplicity is out of favour today, when any new ballet must reckon on flopping unless it packs in more complicated lifts, more involved technical feats and more intricate rhythms than any ballet before: but simplicity can sometimes be very welcome to an audience wearied with the feverish jigging so much a feature of so many contemporary ballets (hence the persistent success of *Les Sylphides* and *Symphonic Variations*). At the same time simplicity in a Massine ballet never becomes passive and colourless. His dancers in the abstract works all move with determination and passion, and they are never merely performing a series of technical exercises, however beautiful. Balanchine has been reported as stating that the mere presence of a man and a woman on the stage together creates a dramatic situation; though (oddly enough) this is rarely borne out in his own works, those who remember the entry of Baronova and Lichine to the opening bars of Brahms' Fourth Symphony (in *Choreartium*) will agree with this statement.

Massine's Barbiere di Siviglia full length ballet, on Rossini Opera, first given at Nervi Dance Festival on July 21st, 1960. Seen in the photograph (Act II) Tessa Beaumont (Rosine), Gerard Ohn (Count of Almaviva), Enrico Sportiello (Don Bartolo).

Massine's *La Commedia Umana* (Human Comedy) full length ballet from Boccaccio's "Decameron," first given at Nervi Festival on July 7th, 1960. Act II—Episode "Love and Death."

Massine, then, can be all things to all ballet-lovers and he has always been mercifully free from creative obsession with any one or two dancers. Naturally the finest dancers inspire him to the greatest heights (or perhaps it would be better to say that the finest dancers can fulfil his invention the most completely) but in the main his ballets are so well constructed and so logically put together that they lose little when casts are changed—always provided the dancers are physically and mentally fitted to perform them. Massine discovers the dancers he needs wherever he happens to be: and possibly he knows himself to be peerless as a performer for he never seems to mind giving opportunities to young men who might develop into potential rivals: his choreography in the past, in the post-Diaghilev era alone, "made" Eglevsky, Lichine, Platoff, Franklin, Alexander Grant. No other choreographer ever displayed Danilova or the "baby ballerinas" half so well: the individual qualities of Verchinina, Theilade, Markova, Shearer, Nerina, and Farron blossomed in his works and he is the only choreographer ever to give the ballerina role in a ballet to Beryl Grey (*Donald of the Burthens*). Only with Fonteyn did he fail, and that because he was required to force her into roles previously created for ballerinas of very different qualities.

Perhaps it is natural in one who describes Fokine as "the greatest of us all" that Massine's ballets should all preserve a perfect balance between decor, music and choreography. Despite the disrepute into which decor has fallen in some circles today, it is still a fact that the contribution of Bakst was as valuable to Diaghilev's initial success as that of Fokine, or Nijinsky and Karsavina (and of the lot, Bakst's contribution is the only one to survive untouched by time: a sad reflection!). It is still a fact that the recognition and survival of such ballets as *Petrouchka*, *Le Tricorne*, *Fancy Free*, *Symphonic Variations* and *The Witch Boy* is thirty-three-and-one-third per cent. owing to the contributions of Benois, Picasso, Oliver Smith, Sophie Fedorovitch and Norman MacDowell. When the very greatest choreographers, musicians and designers are matched, the result is a *Petrouchka* or a *Le Tricorne*, and—perhaps owing to his early training with Diaghilev—Massine has never under-rated this fact, and it is a pity that only Petit among the younger generation seems to understand the importance of interesting great painters in ballet. Ballet is, after all, designed to be seen on the stage and one wonders how long such operas as "Orpheus" or "Don Giovanni" would have survived had they never been produced save on the concert stage? A ballet in "practice dress" can be effective, but only rarely: little can be more tedious than a whole evening without the colour of the designer's art.

Of Massine as a dancer it is difficult to speak in a few lines and fortunately something of his fiery temperament has been preserved in the film of *Capriccio Espagnol*, while millions have been delighted by his humour and clever characterisation in the otherwise worthless film "The Red Shoes." Massine has that unusual facility common to all great dancers of appearing three-dimensional on the stage while the majority of his fellows appear two-dimensional: and he times and projects all his movements so that they are immediately visible not only to the stalls but to the very back row of the gallery. This is, of course, one of the reasons why Massine has always had such a tremendous personal following: for in the end it is the gallery, not the stalls or the critics, whose reactions make dancers popular or not; vide the furore which greeted that other Bolshoi boy Farmanyantz at the Albert Hall London recently despite the pronouncements of some critics that English male dancers are "just as good."

Already published in this series

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As Salome, Munich 1954 *Photo : Rudolf Betz*

CAREERS IN PICTURES **by INGEBORG ZÜRNER**

Natasha Trofimova

ALTHOUGH both her parents are of Russian descent, Natasha Trofimova was born in Berlin. Her father, an engineer, died very young leaving his family in rather difficult circumstances. While her mother earned a living by taking over small roles in films, Babushka, as Natasha called her grandmother, took care of the little household. In the evenings Russian friends came to talk about their beloved St. Petersburg and its imperialistic splendour and the young Natasha listened to all their stories and soon knew by heart their beautiful, melancholic Russian songs which she then sang to her small friends at school. One day her teacher asked her how she knew so much about a country she had never seen, and the little girl replied quite seriously: "But I have lived in Russia for many years before I was born in Berlin."

One day her mother took her to see a display of Mme. Eduardova's pupils. Afterwards she was asked if she would like to become a dancer and answered quite simply but firmly "Yes!" Madame Eduardova, a former Diaghilev ballerina, recognized the child's talent and admitted her to her class even though Natasha's mother could not possibly pay the fees. "Never mind," said Madame Eduardo, "pay half of it, when she has become a ballerina you can give me the rest." At first Natasha was not happy in the stern atmosphere of the classroom, Madame never seemed to be satisfied with her work, no matter how hard she tried. But Madame took her one day to see a performance by a Russian company and Natasha was delighted to recognize in the ballets many of the dull steps which she had to struggle with in class, only here they were done to perfection. She knew now how much she had to learn and began to work. More and more frequently Madame discovered her practising by herself in the studio at a time when she was supposed to be at school.

Natasha was attending a secondary school but had developed an exceptional ability in finding excuses to leave school earlier in order to work by herself before the general class began.

Then Madame had to leave Germany due to pre-war political conditions. For a while Natasha continued to study with Sabine Ress who eventually chose her to dance Cinderella when she arranged the ballet at the Scala in Berlin. It was a great success, and Natasha Trofimova was on the brink of becoming a ballerina, when the theatres were closed in Berlin, and she was sent to work in an ammunition factory.

It was only towards the end of 1945 that she could take up her dancing career again, and when in 1946 the Berlin Opera was re-opened she was engaged as a soloist. Her first role was that of the Ballerina in Tatjana Gsovsky's version of *Petrouchka*. Soon she was given other leading roles, among them the Girl in *Spectre de la Rose*, the Can-Can Dancer in *La Boutique Fantasque*, Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty*, and Juliet in Tatjana Gsovsky's version of the Prokofiev ballet. In 1951 she toured Germany dancing Bellastriga in Werner Egk's *Abraxas* (choreography by Peter Pavlinin). It was while dancing this ballet in Munich that Victor Gsovsky invited her to join the Munich State Opera. With the exception of various guest performances all over Germany and also abroad, and one season with the Frankfort Opera, she has remained with this company ever since, dancing a great variety of principal roles.

She was a completely heartless Artificial Nightingale in T. Gsovsky's *The Chinese Nightingale*, to music by Egk, dancing with great technical brilliance and precision. To the role of the Girl in *The Rake's Progress* she gave a tragic lyricism and simple, wondering innocence. Her most strenuous role was that of the Prostitute in Alan Carter's *The Miraculous Mandarin* which she danced with breathtaking virtuosity and great dramatic conviction. In the pas de deux of *Les Parapluies* (Woolridge, Carter) she showed a fine sense of humour; she was the incarnation of malevolence as the beautiful Princess Belle Epine in *Prince of the Pagodas* (Britten, Carter); and gave a very individual interpretation of Potiphar in *The Legend of Joseph* (Strauss, Rosen), whom she saw not as a cold seductress, but an unhappy woman whose passions, so long repressed, suddenly break loose and overwhelm her.

Natasha Trofimova has gradually developed from a classical ballerina to a character dancer who combines a strong technique and a fine sense of style with great dramatic power and musicality. With her strong personality and intelligent artistry she creates very individual characters out of all her roles, bringing to success even less convincing ballets.

The most striking feature about Natasha Trofimova is her warm voice and her slow, calm manner of speaking. Her art is the centre of her life, and any private activity only of very secondary importance. When not working to perfect her dancing, she likes to roam through antique shops to look for special pieces for her home, where she quietly spends her brief off-duty spells, unless she is off to have a holiday somewhere in the south, for she loves a lot of sunshine. Asked whether she would again become a dancer if she had the choice, she answered: "Yes, I think I would, but when you come to think of it, do you really *have* the choice? Is it not rather the art that chooses you?"

INGEBORG ZÜRNER

For list of other issues available in this series see page 10.

A recent study of Natasha Trofimova in the role of Belle Epine in *Prince of the Pagodas*. Photo: Kurt Ulrich

LIST OF PRINCIPAL ROLES

Berlin (1946–50)	Cinderella	*in*	Cinderella
	Ballerina	*in*	Petrouchka
	The Girl	*in*	Spectre de la Rose
	Can-Can Dancer	*in*	Boutique Fantasque
	Aurora	*in*	Sleeping Beauty
	Juliet	*in*	Romeo and Juliet
	Aglaja	*in*	The Idiot
Hamburg (1951)	Ophelia	*in*	Hamlet
	Lady in Red	*in*	Rondo of the Golden Calf
	French Suite		
Tour of Germany	Bellastriga	*in*	Abraxas
Munich (Since 1952)	Lady in Red	*in*	Chemin de Lumière
	The Girl	*in*	The 13th July
	Artificial Nightingale	*in*	The Chinese Nightingale
	Isabeau	*in*	Joan of Zarissa (Gsovsky)
	Salome	*in*	Salome
	The Prostitute	*in*	The Miraculous Mandarin
	The Old Charwoman	*in*	House of Shadows
	Blue Bird pas de deux		
	Concertino		
	Rider pas de deux	*in*	Les Parapluies
	The Girl	*in*	The Rake's Progress
	Euridice	*in*	Mister Orpheus
	Belle Epine	*in*	The Prince of the Pagodas
	Beatrice	*in*	Ondine
	Potiphar	*in*	The Legend of Joseph
	Isabeau	*in*	Joan of Zarissa (Rosen)
	Lesbia	*in*	Cattulli Carmina
Frankfurt (1956/57)	Ballerina	*in*	Petrouchka (Freund)
	Isabeau	*in*	Joan of Zarissa (Herbert Freund)
	Lysistrata	*in*	Lysistrata

JOHN GILPIN MARRIED

John Gilpin of London's Festival Ballet was married to Sally Judd, dancer with the Company, at St. Mary's in the Boltons, Kensington, on the 27th August. Both Gilpin (brilliant star of the Company, and now also its Associate Artistic Director) and his bride have been dancing regularly throughout the current season at Festival Hall.

The weather and the setting were perfect, the bride, who looked superb, was given away by Jack Gordon (Crossbow) of *The Sunday Express*. The bridegroom's brother, Tony Gilpin, was best man. The wedding took place at 11 o'clock to enable members of the Company to leave in time for the afternoon performance at the Royal Festival Hall. Many famous people in the ballet world attended the ceremony and the reception afterwards, which was held at Londonderry House.

Above: Bride and groom share a glass of champagne.

Right: Proudly showing her new wedding ring, Sally is given a helping hand in cutting the cake.

Photos: Ian James

TAGE

HUNGARIAN STARS IN LONDON

Hungary's prima ballerina Gabriella Lakatos and Ferenc Havas, premier danseur of the State Opera House in Budapest, visited London for the first time to take part in Festival Ballet's season at the Royal Festival Hall.

Exclusive Ballet Today photograph *by Ian James of (l. to r.) Anton Dolin, Havas, Markova, Lakatos and Gilpin in Mr. Dolin's dressing room.*

NEW ARRIVAL

A son, to be named Timothy, has been born to Ann Horn who was, until her retirement, prima ballerina of the Ballet Rambert. Pictured here with her husband Richard Bewicke, Miss Horn was last seen in London in Norman Dixon's ballet *The Cord* in which she created the role of the mother, winning high praise from the critics for her dancing and remarkable acting. Miss Horn hopes to return to dancing. *Photo: Ian James*

Georgii Farmanyantz appears to defy the laws of gravity as he poises in mid-air.
Photo taken during rehearsal at the Royal Albert Hall, London.

GEORGII FARMANYANTZ

HAVING spent hours in Baron's studio, in the days before dancers were paid for photo calls, wishing that I could just for once stop in the air for a second while he got his shot and then escape from the shattering blaze of light into which I kept jumping—out of the blackness in which my tormentor prowled, ready to click at anything from the first to the twentieth jump—I could not help but hold Farmanyantz in particular awe: for he is the only dancer I have ever seen who appears to do just this. Yet, breathtaking as I find this after the performance when I see him dancing the Gopak again in my mind's eye, I cannot succeed in analysing how he does it at an actual performance; for Farmanyantz, like that other Bolshoi boy Massine, is a dancer at whom one cannot look in separate pieces, for feet, hands, shoulders, legs, head and body all jell into one hurtling entity of controlled movement. In any case, so strong is the illusion created that he is merely "doing what comes naturally" that it is hard to believe while watching that one cannot simply stand up and do the same.

Dance students are prone to a recurrent dream of the utmost clarity, in which it is possible to float about in the air at will, but which fades after the first few years. I have been struck by the number of professional dancers who have suffered a recurrence of this dream after seeing Farmanyantz, and I am no exception; consequently, I intended to go and interview him with a list of prepared questions, and someone to help keep the ball rolling in case I "dried up" from sheer admiration. However, when I went back-stage to arrange for the various interviews with Bolshoi dancers for *Ballet Today*, the Moscow interpreter, Miss Ukova, looked at my list and said she thought Farmanyantz had nine numbers to go before he was dancing, and she'd try him right away. Off she went, returning with Farmanyantz and the injunction that I could only have ten minutes.

Despite this limitation, I could not overcome my long-held conviction that one never gets anywhere in such cases without first establishing some sort of contact with one's *vis-à-vis*, which in this case took the form of showing Farmanyantz programmes of performances I had watched him dance at Covent Garden, Brussels and Hamburg, and also by showing him some previous biographies in *Ballet Today* to give him some idea of what I wanted to write about him. All the time he sat as still and attentive as does Massine, just flicking his eyes across the pages and asking an occasional question. Then I mentioned the old Soviet film of extracts from *Taras Bulba* and marked a series of very similar steps that I seemed to remember in Lopoukhov's version, asking whether this was correct, and if so, would this fit into Zakharov's ballet equally well. Immediately Farmanyantz shed his impassive mask and he was marking it too; and, as suddenly, he stopped, the animation vanished, and he said: "Yes, if done in the reverse direction!" Farmanyantz did not sit down again, and although he showed no desire to be off, from this point he continued to warm himself up for the performance by a kind of trotting on the spot in the manner of sprinters (Jean Babilée used to use exactly the same motion). He was obviously only half aware of what he was doing, but would doubtless have pulled up short if one movement in the ritual had felt in the least out of gear.

Next I asked whether he preferred to dance the "Gopak" on its own, so that he could give it all he'd got, or did he prefer it as just a part of the entire three-act ballet? After a moment's silence his answer shot out, clipped and concise as usual: No, he never likes to do solos, he had never yet done the Gopak as a separate item without being seriously worried about it beforehand. In fact, he went on to say, what he really enjoys is a big role like Pierre in *Flames of Paris*, so that he can really work himself into the part, and the big dramatic roles in *Flames of Paris*, *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* and *Don Quixote* are his favourites.

The question of why Farmanyantz took up dancing seemed to be an entirely novel one to him (maybe "everybody" really does want to be a dancer in Russia") but after a little thought he remembered that his big sister took him along with her to ballet class; he was most amused to hear that most of us had imagined that the "E. Farmanyantz" of the photographs must be his wife! And the boyishly wicked expression that crossed his face as he replied "Nyet" to the question "Are the two double turns in the air with the arms over the head in *The Ocean and the Pearls* in the original choreography?" was most winning.

Farmanyantz does not want to become a choreographer when he retires, though he does look forward to the day when he will do nothing but teaching, and already he seems to have a surprisingly large number of successful pupils to his credit at the Bolshoi school; as he rattled off their names the animation of his expression and the movements of his hands were most telling and I was interested to notice that there were as many girls' names as boys. As he had that look of reverence on his face which comes over parents as they elaborate on their children's progress in the eleven-plus, I envy his pupils. This led us on to the subject of his own teacher, Piotr Gusev, the original Khan in *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*"—"A great teacher . . ." and then a few more staccato words of description which Miss Ukova considered, began to translate and then said "—a quite *remarkable* teacher."

On the following day I witnessed a further example of Farmanyantz' powers of expression when, after class under Yevdokimov. Karelskaya and Zhdanov began practising the *Casse* pas-de-deux for the following week. This was the prototype for all such rehearsals anywhere. After putting off the evil moment for several minutes, they shrugged their shoulders and walked it through, watching each other out of the corner of their eyes like a couple of prowling cats waiting to pounce, and then occasionally, after a grunt or a quick head movement to one another, going full out for a step or two. Then the music stopped and the usual pessimistic post mortem began. Then they started again, stopping here and there to brush up bits or decide which of them would alter the odd step to fit in with the other's version. After about half an hour's sweat and toil they came, near the end of the pas-de-deux, to a lift that looked lovely but was (for once) to the satisfaction neither of the conductor—who sat watching and having his portrait painted—or of themselves, and this lift they repeated half a dozen times. Then, stopping, with the ballerina still on her partner's shoulder, they all began to talk at once; as they began to cool off he put her down and the post mortem would continue before they began again. All this time Yevdokimov was having one of those eternal arguments about the exact execution of some particular small preparatory step from *Giselle* with Levaschov, pursued with the doggedness of those who have spent years of their lives doing again and again the limited but elusive exercises of dancers; and Farmanyantz stood by the piano expressionless, chin down, watching the pas-de-deux. At this point, his nose went up like a hound scenting a rabbit; a few words flashed out, and Karelskaya and Zhdanov deflated with that "Of, of *course*, why didn't we think of that before?" expression. They decided it would be best to make sure, tried the lift again and carried on a step or two further before they all wandered off to the dressing room, quite confident that that was all right (as you'll know it was, if you were there during the final week).

I read through my notes, and, as the lights were lowered, left the Albert Hall and went out to catch my 73 bus and sat down on the top deck to find Levaschov across the aisle and Zhemtuzhin, Smirnova, the Russian pianist, and Farmanyantz in front of me. Levaschov spent his time making sure they'd paid the conductor enough and playing a mild practical joke on Zhemtuzhin, who was photographing everything; Smirnova was answering all their questions just like anybody's big sister while Farmanyantz just sat waiting as the 73 took them back once again to their hotel, raised his camera and aimed at a chosen spot, clicked, and let it down again. As he poised the camera I remembered him doing the same in Germany in 1958, which was the reason I had asked him at our interview if he thought his passion for getting just the right image in his camera might be associated with the fact that his speciality among high jumpers is that of crystallising one moment of a great leap into a definite, yet unstrained, pose. Of course, he only laughed in reply, as all Soviet artists do when you tell them they are remarkable, because they know they are not; and the paradox is that from our differing angles we are both right, for the rigorous selection before a child receives free training there assures that none other than possible winners ever enter upon eight years' training, under teachers who have themselves passed along the same road with outstanding success. So of course the amazing technical feats they perform with such apparent ease strike them as nothing other than the result of just so much hard work and perseverance, because everyone around them behaves likewise; and this doubtless accounts for their occasionally perfunctory manner at a moment when our dancers would be puffing hard and swelling with pride (and quite rightly too, for who here first goes through such a thorough preliminary check, secondly has eight years' free bed and board, and thirdly receives daily lessons from Karsavina, Sokolova, de Valois, Markova, Fonteyn, Maude Lloyd, Honer, Nerina, Beriosvoa, Idzikowsky, Dolin, Helpmann, Turner, Ashton, Tudor, Grant, Gilpin and Blair, surrounded in class by nothing other than other possible Derby winners ?).

NEXT MONTH: BORIS KHOHLOV

NEWS FROM THE WORLD

THE SUMMER FESTIVALS

Munich

(reported on page 24)

Left: Josette Amiel and Boris Traïline
Photo: Rudolf Betz

Below: Jacqueline Rayet and Peter van Dijk in *Unfinished Symphony* by Schubert
Photo: Rudolf Betz

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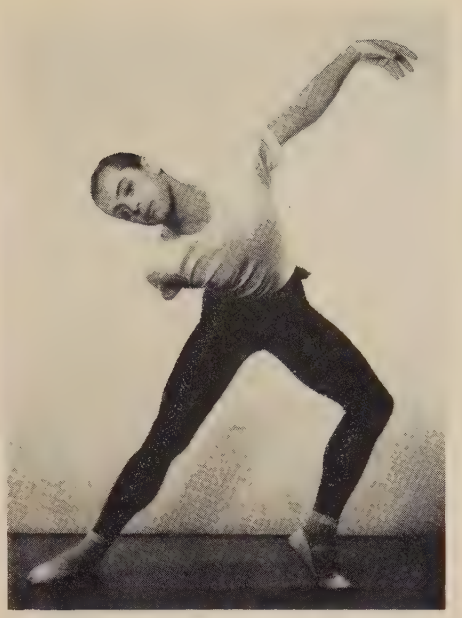
Wiweka Ljung as "Miss Julie"



Björn Holmgren in *The Four Temperaments*
Photos: Enar Merkel Rydberg

Anne-Marie Lagerborg as Kristin, the Cook, in *Miss Julie*

Sweden

Marina Grut reporting from Stockholm

THE selection of ballets for this year's Festival, showed off the Swedish ballet to its best advantage. The results of Mary Skeaping's five years of hard work are clearly seen. Especially among the women one finds much talent and a variety of expressive dancers of dramatic and technical ability.

The company's tour de force are their new Balanchine ballets. In Hindemith's *The Four Temperaments* and Bizet's *Symphony in C*, meticulously and lovingly produced by Vida Brown, the entire company score a brilliant triumph. They have kept these ballets pure and abstract and yet have such attack, that these works will never become dull or boring. With not a person or a finger out of place they succeed in showing off the perfect symmetry of Balanchine's choreography while infusing it with enthusiasm. In the Phlegmatic variation in *The Four Temperaments* Teddy Rhodin almost oversteps this delicate balance by putting too much interpretation into the role, but he does it so effectively that it is quite permissable. It is a great pity to single out any dancers as the credit should go to the company as a whole, but there are two beautifully danced pas de deux, namely the inventive 3rd Theme danced by Gerd Andersson and Verner Clavsen and the Sanguine variation with Mariane Orlando and Caj Selling. The long-limbed Swedish girls are able to carry off the simple black tunics with elegance. The beauty and imaginativeness of each theme and variation is surpassed by the next, building up to the exciting finale in which the entire cast is on the stage in yet more groupings, and as the last of the principals is lifted triumphantly off into the wings one feels one can ask no more from ballet than this completely satisfying result. The applause is always deafening.

Symphony in C has bravado and elegance, and Gerd Andersson and Björn Holmgren are perfectly matched especially in the 3rd Movement. Through their precise timing their combined movements seem to be an illusion. Loulou Portefaix fares less well, as the long and difficult pas de deux which she does with Verner Clavsen does not suit her, but she will gain immeasurably in strength through tackling and coming to grips with it. One is always impressed by Orlando's strength and sureness, and here again, as with Holmgren, one is always assured of a well rounded performance with attack and excitement. With her sure line and straightforward presentation which has just a hint of underlying dramatic quality Marie-Louise Berthold emerges from the corps as the dancer best suited to Balanchine's style.

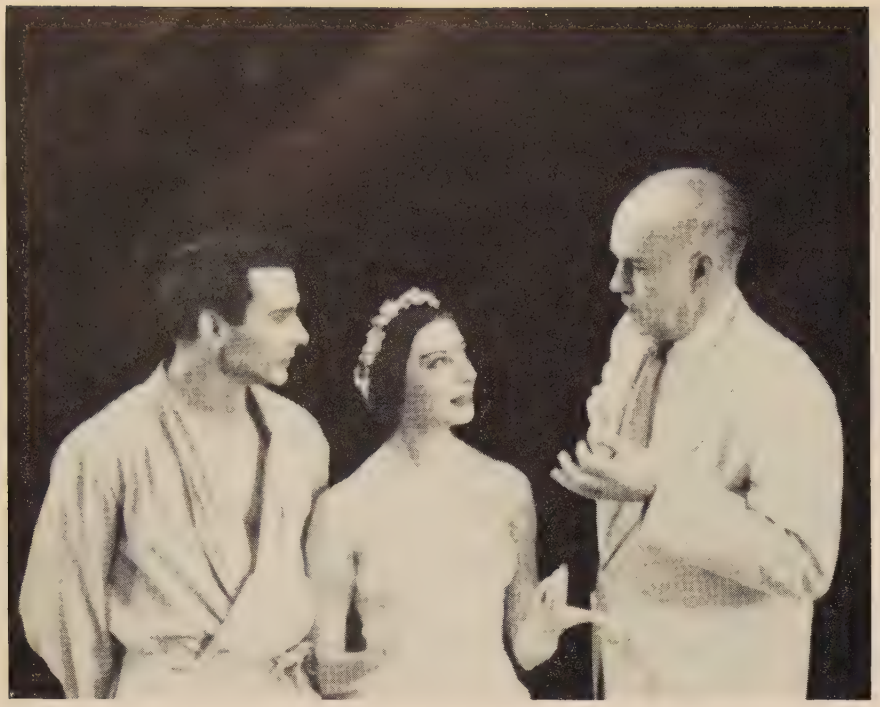
Of the ten ballets presented, five are by Swedish choreographers and of these Cullberg's *Miss Julie* to Ture Rangström's music is the most successful. It is a ballet that needs the Swedes to interpret it, and its choreographic and musical inadequacies become insignificant in their interpretation. Wiweka Ljung showed excellent understanding of the title role and one lived with her each moment of her spoiled boredom, viciousness, and downfall to its inevitable conclusion of tragic disillusion. She portrayed each phase of her breakdown masterfully, and she has the ability to gain the sympathy of the audience through her almost naive inability to understand Jean's scorn in triumphing over her, which reduces her to pleading pathetically for his love. The ballet on the whole is well-suited to the company and Anne-Marie Lagerborg is delightfully amusing as Kristin, the cook, the role Cullberg used to perform. Mario Mengarelli's Jean is a strong portrayal. The barn scene with its tipsy merrymakers is the highlight of the ballet which reaches its climax in Ljung's seductive abandon to which Mengarelli cannot but succumb. If danced with restraint this scene could be embarrassing because of its awkward choreographic choice of seductive steps, but Ljung commendably avoids this. Throughout, Sven Erixson is to be congratulated on his decor.

Cullberg's *The Moon Reindeer* to Riisager's hauntingly beautiful music is less successful. Although the corps de ballet are faultless and Gunnar Randin gives an exciting portrayal of Nåiden, the magician, the men lack fleetness and the leading roles of Nilas and Aili need character and not classical dancers to portray them, thus Selling was not suited to this role, but Mariane Orlando in her second performance succeeded in bringing out the drama and gave a memorable performance.

It is with relief that one finds in Björn Holmgren's choreography none of the heaviness, lack of humour and pretentious profundity that characterises so many Swedish choreographers. His gay and unpretentious *Swedish Rhapsody* (music: Alfvén) is unfortunately spoiled by rather "chi-chi" costumes by Allan Fridericia and the dancers looked under-rehearsed. It served admirably in reviving the audience's flagging spirits after a marathon 45 minutes of *The Rites*, for which ballet Birgit Åkesson was joined by Kåre Gundersen as choreographer.

Åkesson has evolved a slow and controlled type of movement which in itself is very interesting and personal in style but which is not theatrical and is limited in steps. For these reasons it is difficult to translate it into a full-length ballet, but she has succeeded in doing so in her earlier ballets. What Mr. Gundersen (who is not a dancer) contributed to the ballet is not explained. By some people and critics in Sweden *The Rites* is hailed as being very progressive and dancing's answer to modern concréte music. But I am afraid its message is lost on your correspondent and on most of the audience. The "Sacrifice" ("Offret") is danced smoothly and gracefully by Loulou Portefaix, and Yvonne Brosset has worked her dual role "Maiden/Witch" into a strongly dramatic one. In the dance where she is partnered by Holmgren as

Continued on page 23



America

Impressions of Jacob's Pillows

by Dr. WILFRIED HOFMANN

Ted Shawn (right) chatting to Alicia Markova and Barton Mumaw (at that time star of his Company of Men Dancers and dancing in the original production of "My Fair Lady" in New York) as the dancers "warmed up" before a performance.
Photo: Radford Bascombe

IF any dance institution deserves to be called a phenomenon, it is Jacob's Pillow. To build health centres or houses for religious retreats in the middle of nowhere may be considered wise and proper, but to do so with a pure dance theatre at first sight would appear not only impractical but financially suicidal. How then can it be explained that the American Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is burgeoning into its 28th year of the festival and 18th year of the theatre? How is it that thousands of visitors can each season be lured up into the 2,300 foot high woolly Berkshires in western Massachusetts to a bunch of wooden huts ten miles away from the nearest railroad or bus stop? There are two main reasons. Firstly, Jacob's Pillow can be reached within three hours from New York City, and the large majority of visitors do not come from Lee, Mass., but from New York, and New Yorkers just love to have a dance picnic among lots of chlorophyll. Equally influential are the (three years older) Stockbridge Berkshire Drama Festival and Boston Symphony's Music Festival in neighbouring Tanglewood, which draw up to 15,000 people at a time. In fact: Once Tanglewood closes down, and if it has happened to rain in New York State during the afternoon, the audiences at the Pillow are likely to dwindle.

Secondly, Jacob's Pillow filled this year in mid-season to capacity (640) during the week and turning away more than a hundred visitors on a weekend has dynamic Mr. Ted Shawn. It is this "Gentleman of the American Dance" (a splendidly young 69-year-old) who has shaped Jacob's Pillow into a resort for exhausted dancers, a retreat for exhausted dance audiences, and a demanding educational institution for both. It may well be that many in the audience do not even know the significant data of Ted Shawn's busy past: that he laid the foundations of American modern dance together with his wife, Ruth St. Denis, and that he did so before World War I when Isadora Duncan made Europeans believe that she embodied this dance.

That such classic exponents of American modern dance as Martha Graham, Charles Weidman and the late Doris Humphrey emerged from "Denishawn";

That from 1933–1940 he made this sensational attempt to force puritan America into accepting male dancing with his all-male "Ted Shawn and his Men Dancers";

That his research into the specifically masculine in terms of content and form of dance movements, and his studies of the religious foundations and functions of the dance have emerged as a peculiar choreographic style*;

That due to his athletic-dynamic and plastic symmetrical approach to dance composition as a branch of the aesthetic expression of man, he decisively counteracted in the U.S.A. the mainly German preoccupation with the unaesthetic, the original at all costs and the negative fixation in sheer protest.

Every open-minded visitor to the Pillow cannot fail however to realize that this institution has virtually grown out of a spartanic retreat of devoted men of a special calibre, and that the Pillow even now, though it attracts internationally famous stars, basically remains an educative affair rather than an institution for the entertainment of wayward folks. Each night as Ted Shawn gives his little, rather self-conscious, intelligent and often witty introduction, it becomes clear that everybody at the Pillow is treated as a student of the dance, and that both the wide scope of activities of the Festival (where only step dance is excluded) and this basic stress on dance education is founded in Shawn's personality, for Shawn is essentially a teacher.

At the Pillow, the dance is a way of life.

There is, of course, the school, with a very heavy schedule of ballet, ethnic and modern dance, labanotation, dance composition and stage craft, attended this year by some 70 students whose duty it is not only to see all rehearsals but each individual performance at the Pillow, sell programmes, usher, wait at table and clean the theatre if they are scholarship recipients. Those who pay $600 for room, board and tuition are privileged not to work in this sense but even they have no chance to get away from the 24-hour dance milieu: there is no other distraction at the Pillow in walking distance. To live with the faculty, with the dance on and off stage, and to be bound together so tightly, is the special virtue of the "University of the Dance".

There are the visiting dance companies, some stay over and make the Pillow their holiday, some (like Indrani and Ximenez-Vargas) remain to teach, be it only on the grass. Others make the dance an academic career and receive credit for staying at the Pillow for a doctor's or master's degree. For them all there is Ted Shawn's pre-dinner table-round which supplies the exhausted bodies with the dance "ideology". In the time when the Pillow used to be a weekly affair conducted in a barn, and some 50 neighbours arriving in horse carriages were served by the dancers with tea, Ted Shawn used to take good care of his dancers' intellectual needs by reading to them daily from Havelock Ellis (his "God") to Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe". In his current table-rounds the conversation—focusing on the dance from a thousand stand-points—serves the same function. It is here where Shawn warmly, and with a not to be challenged authority, deliberates on his beloved subject, and it is from here that the intellectual atmosphere, the specific "genius loci" of the Pillow is created which invades the theatre each night and captivates otherwise heterogeneous audiences. After the performances scholarship students, with flashlights in one hand and practising castanets with the other, show the car drivers the way back to civilization.

Back to?

. . .

Summer Festivals (*Continued on Page 25*)

* *When Mr. Shaw in* 1936 *received his Master of Physical Education from the famous Springfield College in Massachusetts, the citation significantly enough already referred to* ". . . *pioneer in dancing for men . . . deep religious feeling*".

Jack Anderson reporting from San Francisco

THE Bay Area Ballet performed outdoors in the charming amphitheatre of the Marin County Art and Garden Fair. Guest artists were to have been Irina Borowska and Alan Howard of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, but a foot injury prevented Miss Borowska from appearing.

Howard, however, was in top form and danced splendidly in the *Don Quixote* pas de deux with Janet Sassoon and in the third act of *Coppélia* with Grace Doty. He also staged the *Coppélia* excerpts, deceptively difficult divertissements which the company managed quite well.

Also performed was the première of Marc Wilde's *Danse Pastorale*, an abstraction to Faure's *Masques et Bergamasques*. If nothing else, it showed the versatility of this talented young choreographer, usually associated with modern works. There were some inventive passages, but also some uninteresting ones and, though pleasant for a summer night, the ballet seemed too bland to survive long in the regular repertoire.

The Contemporary Dancers' dance version of *Hedda Gabler* (J. Marks-Mahler) proved one of their most interesting recent works Lacking the frenzy of some of this group's productions, it made points through economy, rather than excess. Some of the most telling moments were moments of almost complete immobility: Hedda staring at Lovborg; Brack, with head cocked, observing the action; the social postures of Victorian respectability, etc.

Yet it also had puzzling aspects. The burning of the manuscript was ineffectual, little attention having been paid to Ibsen's comparison of the manuscript to a baby, symbolism which could be effectively danced. Curious, too, was the fact that, while Hedda shoots herself, Lovborg hangs himself. This dissipated the play's pistol symbolism (Ibsen knew what he was doing when he made Hedda's hobby marksmanship).

There were also weaknesses in the choreographic conception of Hedda herself. Her boredom and domestic unhappiness were well conveyed. But, more than this, Ibsen's Hedda is a woman who can find no satisfactory outlet for her great energy and vitality, and it is from this that the play derives its fascination, tension, and power. Marks' Hedda, in comparison, was a rather pallid young woman whose character traits did not inevitably lead her to suicide.

A more successful modern dance venture was a concert by the May O'Donnell Dance Company at the University of California, where Miss O'Donnell conducted a modern dance workshop.

In a field of dance often associated with small group work, Miss O'Donnell obviously revels in creating complex choreography for large groups. In a field of dance freqently dominated by women, she can produce vigorous choreography for men. Her choreography, like that of other modern dancers recently, suggests that modern dance is growing up and no longer needs to be tied to a single overpowering personality. For Miss O'Donnell can create fine works in which she does not personally appear.

The *Ceremonial Beginning* (Ray Green) had more than a hint of Oriental ritual. This love of ceremony appeared again in *Dance Sonata* (Green), a joyous abstract celebration.

What happens when man forgets such basic celebrations was indicated in *Drift* (Webern), a depiction of forces which destroy man's essential individuality, in which a mother and child were assaulted and conquered by figures moving in distorted insect-like patterns. Fortunately, the creative act can help restore primal joy and *Dance Concerto* (Bartok) examined the creative act's elements of premonition, conflict, descent into the unknown, and return.

The O'Donnell concert was the most distinguished event in what has otherwise been a rather barren modern dance season.

SWEDEN (*Continued from page* 21)

"The young man" one sees the type of modern dance which was popular in Germany in the 20's and early 30's only here it benefits by being danced by classically trained dancers. I cannot tell the story as even after consulting the programme and seeing the ballet several times it still remains a mystery. It does, however, include an interesting Indian dance done by Lilavata, a guest artist. The lighting is imaginative and the costumes colourful but the action and theme are not substantial enough for a 45 minute work.

The Prodigal Son based on Swedish folk art and dancing completed the contributions by Swedes. It has great charm, and Björn Holmgren as the gullible prodigal has many amusing adventures. The choreographer Ivo Cramér has been most successful and the theme and dancing develop easily and inventively. He has a very good sense of theatre and the production is excellent. There are delightful character sketches, and as the Father and Mother Sten-Thorsten Thuul is an imposing but kind-hearted figure while Anne-Marie Lagerborg is protective and with authority deals with her two sons. The stay-at-home brother's morose and difficult personality is brought out in Mengarelli's interpretation. Teddy Rhodin is a delicious False Prophet and surrounded by his shady henchmen succeeds in luring the son, who is wide-eyed in wonder at this fascinating world, to Rich Arabia where they introduce him to the Queen (pert Yvonne Brosset) and there is much merry-making. But evil times follow, and having lost his riches and thereby the Queen and company's interest he returns home and Father slaughters the fatted calf.

Another excellent production, this time by Mary Skeaping, is *The Sleeping Princess*. The decor by Yngve Gamlin is modern and imaginative, and very suitable to a fairy-tale. Delicate Gerd Andersson as Aurora makes a true fairy-tale princess. She is petite, beautiful and has lightness and speed combined with grace. Verner Clavsen brought an added interest to the minor role in the Cinderella variation. Portefaix gives the Lilac Fairy a breadth of movement and is relaxed and sure in this role. In the Bluebird pas de deux Yvonne Brosset and Björn Holmgren gave a very polished performance, Brosset giving a delightful interpretation to her variation. Holmgren is a mature artist and can always be counted upon to give a superb performance. He, Orlando and Selling are the company's strongest soloists.

Selling and Orlando do an exciting *Swan Lake*. To her dramatic 2nd Act and her brilliant 3rd act, Orlando can now add a gentle and moving 4th act, which was formerly lacking, but which she has now developed. Selling's interpretation of the young prince shows a keen understanding of the part, and his boredom of the princesses' dancing plus the bewilderment at his beloved's dual personality is touching. His original solo suits him far better than the one he learned in Russia and which for some time we had to suffer; thus it was a relief to see him once more dancing the former with the usual aplomb.

The most unique item on the Festival programme was Mary Skeaping's Baroque ballet *Cupid out of his Humour* danced at Drottningholm Court Theatre, which is the only 18th Century theatre in the world in which everything, including all the machinery, is still in perfect working condition. It is a superb setting for this ballet. The story of the ballet, adapted from one performed at Queen Christina's court in 1649 and in which the Queen herself had danced the role of Diana, unfolds and is told with wit and the use of technique from the end of the 17th Century. Diana (Ellen Rasch) beautiful and angry has a dispute with Cupid (Björn Holmgren) about love, Venus (Gunnel Lindgren) charmingly intervenes, but there follow a hilarious series of events involving Nymphs, Satyrs, Sylvans, Bacchanti and Shepherds not to speak of four small cupids. During the ballet full use is made of all the tricks the theatre can produce. Trees grow out of the stage, a pedestal exits on its own, a waterfall trickles merrily, in another scene there is a billowing sea. Midst rolling thunder Jupiter (Aulis Peltonen) descends on a cloud to pacify and restore order, during which scene the entire stage is covered in enveloping clouds. Scenes smoothly change in a space of seconds before one's eyes and I felt rather Russian in wishing to applaud these mechanical ingenuities! The ballet leaves one marvelling at this majestic age. They use original 18th Century decor and the costumes are taken from beautiful 17th and 18th Century designs. The dancing is so delicate and stylised that even Satyrs and Shepherds have a subtlety about them but perhaps one should lay the honour for this "finesse" at the choreographer's feet. It is one thing to know the technique, steps and style of a bygone age but quite another to incorporate it in a story and translate it so successfully into a ballet.

MARINA GRUT

reported by Ingeborg Zürner from Munich

THE Festival Week of Ballet which took place at the Munich State Opera from June 27th to July 3rd brought a very successful season to a spectacular end. Within one week we saw some of the best English, French, American, Danish and German dancers, and the enthusiastic applause with which they were greeted every evening by the capacity audience proved that by now ballet has gained a firm place in the art-loving Bavarian metropolis.

On June 27th and 29th Svetlana Beriosova and Donald Macleary gave two guest performances of *Swan Lake*, and on July 1st Nadia Nerina and David Blair danced Odette-Odile and Prince Siegfried. One can hardly imagine two more different approaches to this ballet. Beriosova's Princess Odette belongs to a country forever moonlit. Surely no-one can surpass the noble elegance of her long line and the way in which she uses her neck and shoulders and above all her arms. Her dancing is of a harmonious perfection without any obtrusive pyrotechniques even in Act III, which gives a complete unity to her interpretation of the dual role. Her Odile is of such truly royal authority that it is only natural that the Prince should fall a victim to her beauty. He only realizes the wickedness of Odile's character when she leaves the court in a fit of devilish laughter arching her back to an almost incredible degree. One of the most remarkable things about her interpretation is the way in which she does the mime scenes: she makes them flow from the music as integral parts of the dancing, yet articulates them so clearly as to bring out the exact meaning of every gesture.

In Nerina's interpretation this was the weakest point; she did the mime in an all too hasty way. In the whole of Act II she had a tendency to contrast long équilibres with very rapid footwork, which robbed her dancing of the calm elegance which Beriosova showed us. In the third act, however, this extreme lightness and speed added an extra brilliance which was absolutely dazzling. Her Odette is completely human, a vivacious young princess, and one can quite see how unhappy she must be to live as a calm Swan Queen, how happy she is in her love for the Prince and in the hope to return to the world. So the fourth act, when she realizes her deception, has a deeply human tragic quality.

In Donald Macleary and David Blair both ballerinas have found their ideal partners. I have never seen a more aristocratic prince than Macleary's. In fact, he is of such nobility that he seems somewhat out of place among the peasants in Act I. He is a perfect partner and his tall, slim physique, nobility of carriage, and calm dignity of movement ideally match Beriosova's special qualities. That in addition he is also a very fine dancer was proved in his variation in Act III. Only a prince of his nobility could follow this Odette to her realm of pure moonlit beauty. A few days later David Blair presented us with the most democratic young prince there ever was. He appeared very youthful, gay and happy to have escaped the dull atmosphere of the palace for a few hours, and enjoyed himself thoroughly at the peasants' party. He is a reliable partner and brilliant technician, and his miming has the same human simplicity as Nerina's.

The corps de ballet of the State Opera came up to the occasion and danced with precision and good style. The pas de trois in the first act was done with gay attack by Elisabeth Schüppen and Hella Schönbrunn who was especially charming, and by Hannes Winkler or Heino Hallhuber (27th) who danced very brilliantly. In Act III Inge Bertl and Franz Baur did the Russian dance with wit and verve. As leading Swans Inge Bertl and Margot Werner gave greatly improved performances and are now getting quite near to being swan maidens.

On the 30th June Liane Daydé and Peter Van Dijk were the guest artists in *Giselle*. I have never seen anybody ignore choreography with such carefree nonchalance as did Daydé. Admittedly, she has high legs, very rapid turns, and a high, light jump, but she is determined to show off these qualities even at the cost of line, technical precision and musical phrasing. She is completely lacking in style and has a tendency to indicate the difficulty of a step by pulling her shoulders up to her ears. Her Giselle is a coquettish, spoilt girl whose madness seems just another of her many whims. Yet the beginning of the mad-scene, when she sadly looked down at her beautiful dress, at a loss what to do, this was the best passage in the whole of the act; for the first time one had the feeling that this Giselle had got a heart, too. Then she fell back to pathetic mannerism. In Act II she put on a mask of romantic tragedy and tried to compensate for the lack of style by occasionally taking a pose à la Grisi lithographs.

What a contrast Peter Van Dijk's fine, intelligent interpretation of Albrecht ! He was a noble Prince and self-effacing partner, dancing with technical brilliance and extraordinary precision, fine elevation and style and extreme musicality. Inge Bertl danced Myrtha with lightness and adequate authority.

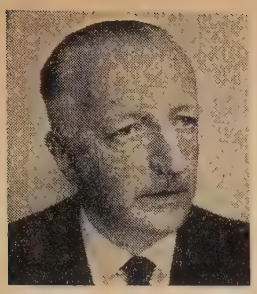
Giselle was preceded by the *Lady and the Unicorn*; Helma Kühl was a touching Unicorn, Inge Bertl gave a convincing performance as the Lady and Heino Hallhuber was striking as always as the Knight. The other festival contributions by the resident company were *Les Sylphides* and *Still Point* (June 28th and July 2nd) and above all *The Legend of Joseph* (June 28th) which was one of the highlights of the week. Heino Hallhuber's interpretation of the shepherd boy Joseph can hardly be bettered. His Joseph is so completely filled by faith that the splendour of the court leaves him just as unmoved as Potiphar's violent attacks. He goes through life and death imperturbably in simple but firm confidence. Besides his sure technique Hallhuber's greatest asset is his fine musicality. In the first scene Natasha Trofimova's Potiphar is of a statuesque immobility and she only comes to life at the sight of Joseph. She possesses everything except human sympathy and her heart has frozen in its golden cage. But once her passions are evoked she can no longer master them. When she realises that she has no power over this boy, she calls the guards and kills herself in desperate fury and an almost childlike disbelief that there should be something she cannot have. Natasha Trofimova dances this difficult rôle with great artistry, plasticity of movement and dramatic intensity.

In *Les Sylphides* the company again showed that their technical and artistic standard is gradually improving. Elizabeth Schüppen danced the Mazurka, but she is not very well suited to this kind of role since she is lacking soft, fluent ports de bras and a feeling for the style of the ballet. Inge Bertl in the Valse, however, gave a greatly improved performance, dancing with lightness and good elevation. Yet she still needs to take care with her ports de bras. Rainer Köchermann danced the second Mazurka with a beautifully strong technique, but it is really only Dulce Anaya who brings the necessary romanticism and ethereal gracefulness to the ballet. *Still Point*, first danced by Inge Bertl and Paul Wünsch, marked Annette Chappell's return to the stage on July 2nd. She gave a moving portrayal of the Girl, very well supported by Heino Hallhuber.

The rest of this programme consisted of various pas de deux: Josette Amiel and Boris Trailine did Victor Gsovsky's *Grand Pas Classique* (music by Auber). Though they danced well one missed Gsovsky's beautiful ports de bras. Dulce Anaya was very charming and light as a feather in the *Nutcracker* pas de deux, where she was partnered by Ray Barra who is a good dancer but still has to learn the virtues of a good partner. These were demonstrated to perfection by Peter Van Dijk who subordinated his own artistry to Liane Daydé's version of the *Black Swan*. After having seen it done so beautifully by Beriosova and Nerina, it was rather a strain to watch her dash through it without line or precision, regardless of the music, with quite ridiculous mannerism. It is a pity that she does not use her spectacular technique in a better way. Peter Van Dijk danced his variation with brilliance and breathtaking precision. The technical highlight of the evening was the *Don Quichotte* pas de deux as danced by Nadia Nerina and David Blair. They do the most astonishing technical feats with such apparent ease and gaiety that one hardly guesses just how difficult it all is. The artistic highlight, however, was Peter Van Dijk's pas de deux to Schubert's "Unfinished," which he danced together with Jacqueline Rayet. It is a study in pure harmony of movement and music. Not the slightest musical phrase remains without its choreographic expression. Physically and in purity of style and beauty of line these two artists, who appeared in blue overall tights, are ideally suited to one another and they danced with perfect harmony and technical elegance.

At the end of this week the performance of the American Ballet Theatre on July 3rd came as an anticlimax. They opened the evening with Balanchine's *Theme and Variations* to Tchaikovsky's third orchestral suite. The corps de ballet looked a little cramped on the stage but danced with precision, just as the technically brilliant Toni Lander who was partnered by Igor Youskevitch, who had to step in at the last moment, but was too small for her and very off-form. This ballet was followed by *Caprichos*, a ballet by Herbert Ross to music by Bartok. It is a perfect translation into movement of four of Goya's etchings, expressing with almost disgusting intensity the hollowness, stupidity and cruelty in human beings and their doings, which was brought out perfectly by Lupe Serrano, Ruth Ann Koesun, Christine Mayer and John Kriza. Then we again saw a very brilliant *Don Quichotte* pas de deux, danced by Lupe Serrano and Erik Bruhn. The progamme ended with Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*, where Ady Addor as the Cowgirl brought just the right kind of comedy to this charming rôle, and the whole company, especially the men, obviously enjoyed dancing this ballet.

Continued at foot of Col. 1 next page



Ferdinand Reyna

reporting from

PARIS AND ENGHIEN

THE Paris season has hardly been fertile in novelties, new ballets or suprises. No big international company visited us, and the Opéra, fully occupied by its internal reorganisation, has been unable to produce any important new works.

The only real sensation of the season was the production of *Le Sacre du Printemps* in the Théâtre des Nations season, with new choreography by Maurice Béjart, and danced by artists of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie with elements of Maurice Béjart's company. The principal roles were taken by Tania Bari and Germinal Casado.

Unquestionably Béjart had a success which is a landmark in his career as a choreographer: in Paris critics and the public are agreed on this.

At the Théâtre des Nations the Folk Art Company of Seoul (Korea) presented a ballet lasting an entire evening which was based on an extract from a Korean national epic *Choon Hyang Iyun* (The Scents of Spring). The subject of the ballet is a love-story rather like that of *Romeo and Juliet*, except that it has a happy ending. It is danced entirely by women, and there is a series of very colourful scenes. Though the ballet is a trifle long for Western audiences, it had remarkable success because of its charm, which combined earthiness and refinement.

The Opéra Comique produced a new ballet by Georges Skibine, *Ombres Lunaires*, with a very beautiful score by André Jolivet and decor and costumes by Stanislao Lepri. This ballet would have had more success if the ensembles were more disciplined and coherent in their movements. The chief male dancer, Peter van Dijk, is a poetic and immaterial Pierrot, and the ballet is inspired by the lunar fantasy of the Belle Epoque and the first films of Georges Meliès.

The "Singers and Dancers of the Red Army" reappeared at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra, where they had the same success as at the Palais des Sports a short time ago.

In the absence of shows in which the ballet world could meet and remain in contact, the Ballet Club de Paris organised at its premises in Avenue Matignon a series of gala dinners which were attended by a numerous and elegant public. There was a reception for the stars of the Opéra and M. Julïen, director of the Théâtres Lyriques Nationaux, and then on 22 March the étoile Yvette Chauviré was honoured. In April there was a very successful gala dinner for Maurice Béjart and his company, the occasion being the presentation of *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The following month Serge Lifar was the guest of honour; a very numerous assembly listened with curiosity and amusement to his talk on the present situation of ballet in Paris.

At the Casino of Enghien, near Paris, the Compagnie des Ballets 1960 (directed by Milorad Miskovitch and Irène Lidova) presented several new works that were modest in aim but well danced. Apart from Miskovitch himself, the company included Yvonne Meyer, Duska Sifnios, Nicole Nogaret, Vassili Sulich, and Ivan Dragadze. One new work was *l'Attente* (Waiting), with "choreographic action" by Christian Uboldi and music by Kabalevsky-Handel; this showed us members of a ballet company before their first performance, with rivalry, egoism, and impassioned acting revealing the inner conflicts of each performer. But all this disappears as soon as the performance begins, when all work together in a common effort.

Another new work was *Héros et son Miroir* (Hero and his Mirror), with story and choreography by Milko Sparemblek, and music by Milko Kelemen. This showed us an ageing man who remains faithful, in spite of the passing years, to the image of his first youth. There is a marked contrast with his wife, who is young and likes to amuse herself.

On Cherche Partenaire (Search for a Partner) is a little farce with music by Henri Betti and choreography by Georges Reich. In a rehearsal room a male star dancer looks for a partner, and various types of ballerina come to offer themselves: the romantic (Nicole Nogaret), the modern dancer (Duska Sifnios) and the classic (Yvonne Meyer). The choice is difficult, and the male star finishes by being alone, as he began . . . On the whole the Enghien show was attractive, unpretentious and correctly danced.

The Théâtres des Nations presented the Indian dancer Indrani from Madras, specialising in the style Bharata Natyam reserved to women. Even if the meaning of certain steps, gestures and movements escaped us, and even if this technique is remote from ours, we were ravished by the beauty of this dancer and her light and perfectly controlled movements.

Moreover her partners Narasimha Rao and Baliram leapt in the most supple way, shining out in their colourful costumes, beautiful as gods in front of the black curtain. The performance was accompanied by music from string and percussion instruments which was both lively and plaintive, and Indrani and her partners moved to this music with perfect rhythm.

Trudy Goth

reporting from

NERVI

WITHOUT doubt the idea of creating a company of 60 odd dancers and ballerinas, for summer Festival and touring purposes and to call it "Balletto Europeo di Nervi" (European Ballet of Nervi) recalls former glorious and splendid days of a "Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo." It is far too early to say if anything of the kind will ever be achieved. These are not Diaghilev's times any more and though the community is heavily paying for the privilege to have a truly international attraction and the name of Nervi carried throughout the world of balletomanes all over—a Diaghilev is sorely missing.

But Leonide Massine not only knows his job thoroughly and is dedicated to it with the kind of pure fanaticism which knows no limits of physical endurance, financial set-backs, let-down of collaborators and the like. Among the dancers he has assembled and rehearsed mercilessly for five months there are also three members of his close family, his wife Tatiana rehearsing, coaching ballets of the former repertoire, teaching, training and assisting and his two children, Tatiana Jr. a ravishing beauty of 18 who gave an excellent account of her potentialities (not as yet technically or expressively fully developed) in *Schéhérazade*, and Leonide Jr. aged 15 of whom it can be said that without being as yet an accomplished dancer and technically on the weak side (where classic roles are concerned), he is one of the most arresting and curiosity-stimulating personalities encountered in the field of ballet in a long time, and even in this company, which boasts excellent and most accomplished dancers, he fully holds his own, though the danger is looming that he might be pushed too hard and fast into assignments for which he is not mature enough. The part of Gustave in Anouilh's *Bal de Voleurs* (to music by George Auric, costumes by Denis Malcles, choreographed by Massine père) showed his excellent and deft partnering of Italy's ballerina Carla Fracci as Juliette, and in Maurice Béjart's *High Voltage* to electronic music by P. Henry he revealed his acting and projecting ability in the lead in collaboration with the excellent Jenny Trevelyan. Massine's company comprises artists who can whirl, skip, turn, entrechat from Italy, France, Germany, England, Switzerland, Yugoslavia and the U.S. There is no language problem—the choreographer speaks all tongues, while his artists are meant to speak not.

A scenic workshop which is used for the three week season over 1,200 square meters of lumber, a costumes workshop headed by two famous Russian women, Mme. Karinska Jr. and Linda Doboujinsky, both from Paris with two assistants each, and a staff of 5 French, 29 Italian dressmakers, 1 French and 4 Italian head-dressers have created over 850 costumes, 450 hats and coiffures and 17 masks, animal heads, etc.

The opening ballet was the somewhat too ambitious *Commedia Umana* three-act ballet

Continued on page 29

MUNICH—*continued from page 24*

Heinz Rosen's Ballet Festival was a complete success, and this was due not only to the international stars, but also to the ballet mistress Joan Harris and the resident company, who had a difficult task in adjusting their performances to the various interpretations of the guests. Special mention goes to the conductor Sigismund Mayr who very cleverly adapted the music to the widely different tempi of the guest artists.

Dancer in Danger

LORNA HILL

'Annette Dancy, the heroine of this series, is full of despair because her season as a soloist is coming to an end, and once again she will be relegated to the corps de ballet of her own company. But, as in real life, things can change overnight, and the ballet company is asked to take part in a Music Festival abroad. Annette's adventures in Italy, which include an eruption of Mount Etna, make exciting reading, and the young dancer falls in love for the first time. Lorna Hill's dialogue rings true, her characters are not conjured up out of the make-belief world of the writer; such people as Annette, her Irish friend Paddy and her brother Maximillian *do exist* in the world of the dancer.'—

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BOOK GUIDE

Books published in France

Je Suis Ballerine (I am a Ballerina). By Yvette Chauviré. Published in the series "My Profession" by Les Editions du Conquistador.

In this book Chauviré writes of the financial side of her profession, which is not very attractive except for those who are lucky enough to belong to a theatre which works the year round, like the Opéra. She describes, without dressing up the truth, the hard life of those who choose to be dancers, the class in a dusty studio, the hurried meal before the rehearsal, the fatigue produced by the performance (specially during long tours by air or by train). Alongside these difficulties there is the great satisfaction of creating roles and having a triumphant reception from the public. According to Yvette Chauviré the dancer's career depends first of all on perfect health and a genuine and irresistible vocation. The greatest difficulty facing the dancer, she writes, is that of achieving a balance between technique and expression. Then she writes about her career, her teachers, her adventures on the stage and on tour, her quarrels with the Opéra, her departures from the Opéra, and her definitive return to the fold in 1953. This book, written in a supple and easy style, offers many valuable lessons for would-be dancers, giving them material for serious consideration before they take up the career of dancer.

L'Opéra, Les Autres Et Moi (The Opéra, the Others and Me). By Colette Sylva. Published by Les Editions des Quatre Fils Aymon.

This is a book of a very different story. Colette Sylva, who joined the Opera as a student in 1925, never got past the rank of *petit sujet*. Her memories of the pre-War Opéra are full of interest. It was the time of the last of the subscribers (who have now completely disappeared), of the youth of Lycette Darsonval, of Solange Schwarz, of the exploits of Serge Lifar in *Icare*. Colette Sylva also writes of the German occupation, when—in defiance of the occupation—the ballet worked all out, and preparations were made for the post-War flowering of ballet: the Ballets des Champs-Elysées, the Roland Petit company etc. The Opéra itself did not remain inactive, and Serge Lifar even created some masterpieces there. This book by Colette Sylva is a moving one, for it is written without bitterness and with spirit, by a dancer who lived twenty years at the Opéra; her career was undistinguished, but she retained her enthusiasm, her good humour and the courage to recount her misadventures in a witty way, always retaining her love for her profession of dancer.

FERDINAND REYNA

London

Drina Dances Again. By Jean Estoril. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

To those who have followed the adventures of Drina, the young student dancer and central character in these stories, this is probably the most interesting so far of the five novels published in this series. Daughter of a famous dancer who died as the result of an accident, Drina keeps her mother's name a secret because she longs to succeed on her own merit, but talent will out and Drina is noticed to the joy of her friends and the chagrin of other students in the school. In despair because she has pulled a muscle and cannot continue with her dancing for a few weeks, Drina is offered a part in a play, and later is chosen by the school to dance the part of Clara in *Casse Noisette* at the Edinburgh Festival. The backstage atmosphere, the bewildering reaction of the critics to her performance, are subtly drawn, and make interesting and amusing reading.

E. H.

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RECORD GUIDE

WAGNER

Otto Klemperer is known the world over for his outstanding Beethoven and Brahms but also as a Wagnerian conductor there are few of his stature. In fact, originally he made his name in the orchestra pit of the opera house, and to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday Columbia have brought out a two-disc album, 33CX1697–8, of excerpts from Wagner's works which amply confirm his prowess in this field. Massine used the Venusberg music from *Tannhauser* for his ballet, *Bacchanale*, having its first performance at the Metropolitan in November 1939, with its striking but grotesque decor by Salvador Dali. Roland Petit set his first abstract ballet, *Pas d'Action*, to the *Prelude* and *Liebestod* from *Tristan and Isolde*, while Herbert Ross choreographed only the *Liebestod* for his *Tristan* which shook us somewhat when Ballet Theatre were in London. Finally, Lichine selected excerpts from *Götterdämmerung* for his ballet *Cain and Abel*. This album also includes the first and third preludes from *Lohengrin*, the *Dance of the Apprentices*, etc., and I am sure it will give great pleasure to many.

PINEAPPLE POLL

Pye's PEP100 in their new 7-inch series, Pieces of Eight, is a jolly little record of four items from the most delicious and attractive of all Cranko's ballets. It starts off with the opening dance which leads into Captain Belaye's solo outside the pub. Then Poll's quayside solo finishing with the rollicking finale. I cannot say that John Hollingsworth brings out all the spice that there is in Mackerras' arrangement of the music of Sullivan's operettas, but you get approximately twelve and three-quarter ga minutes for eight bob.

FANCIULLA DELLE ROSE

Frank Staff created this ballet in 1948 fo r the very youthful Svetlana Beriosova when she led the small but enterprising Metropolitan Ballet. I shall never forget the first time she came to our flat for tea—so young, so serious, so determined to do all she could for ballet, if it lay within her power. One did not suspect the lighthearted gaiety of her Swanilda that was to come, though one had no doubts of the gentle authority of this Odette. There are few of us that are born with a personality of such charm. And to remind us of all this, Mercury have issued Arensky's *Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky*, MMA11091—the theme being that of Tchaikovsky's song, *Legend*. With it is Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings* which has been choreographed by Balanchine and Charrat as well as others. On the whole, Dorati gives remarkably good performances of both works, the waltz in the latter is irresistible.

SHADOW OF THE WIND

When creating this ballet, Anthony Tudor said that it symbolized the impermanence of existence, the Chinese philosophy of accepting the mutations of life and bowing before them. Here human experience has no sudden beginning or ending but, like the recurrence of the seasons is cyclical. In setting his idea to Mahler's masterpiece, *Das Lied von der Erde*, he was only partially successful but he brought this great and enchanting work before the ballet public, which, to me, was sufficient in itself. There are few records I have enjoyed so much as HMV ALP.1773–4. The composer gave the alternative of a baritone or contralto to share the work with a tenor, and here we have Fischer-Dieskau, Murray Dickie with Kletzki conducting the Philharmonia. It is invidious to praise any of the four individual contributions but there is no question of Fischer-Dieskau being at his zenith—his sensitivity and tone-colour are out of this world. All four subtly grasp each their opportunities with singular success. The fill-up, Mahler's Adagietto from his *Fifth Symphony*, is a gem. I sincerely hope that all ballet-goers will have the courage to get these two records and hang the expense—particularly those who do not know Mahler.

CARNAVAL

Like *Les Sylphides*, *Carnaval* is one of the most difficult ballets to bring off, depending as it does, far more on atmosphere than the technical skill of the dancers. And here on Decca BR3049, which is played most beautifully by the Suisse Romande Orchestra, I do not think that Ansermet completely captures the feeling of the Biedermeier flavour in spite of many fine touches.

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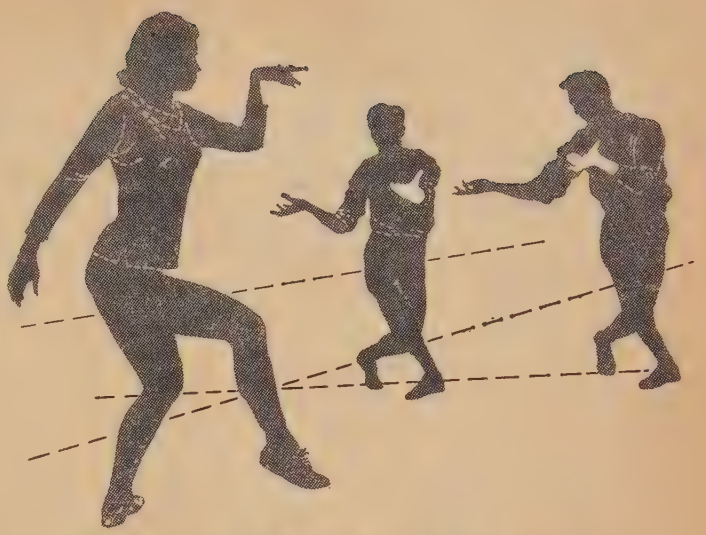

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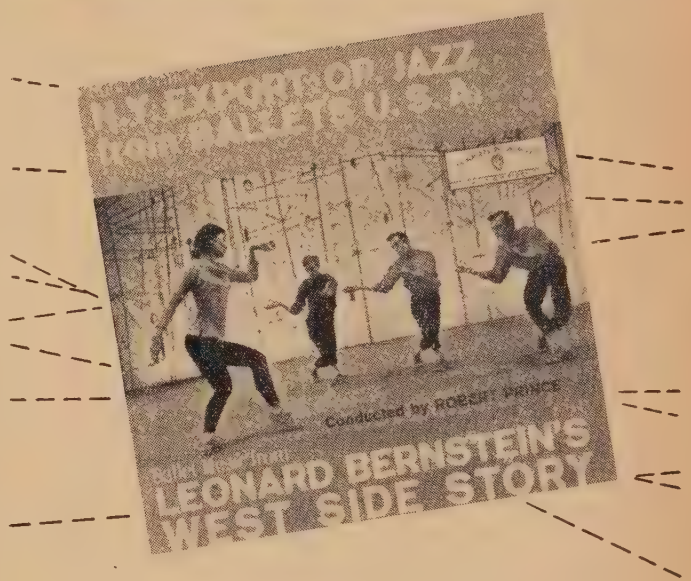

Robert Prince

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News from here and there

Comings and Goings

Kenneth Melville has joined the Canadian National Ballet in Toronto, and will be dividing his time between Canada and the United States.

Roy Tobias, formerly soloist of the N.Y.C.B., who recently appeared as a guest dancer with the Robert Joffrey Company at Jacob's Pillow, is to teach ballet and attempt to build up a ballet school of his own in Japan. He has been attracted to this undertaking through his experiences during the last Japan tour of the N.Y.C.B.

NERVI *Continued from page 25*

based on a number of episodes from Bocaccio's "Decameron." The far too elaborate sets were designed by the French painter Alfred Menassier (nearly 280 odd pieces as nothing can be flown and all has to be carried on and off by an army of stage hands—and a well disciplined army at that). The 300 colourful costumes produced better results and the 14th century melodies had a charming effect, which became somewhat monotonous as the evening wore on and on. Decidedly this work is far too long and each episode takes longer than would reading the story. But Massine, given more time and the courage to cut large hunks out of his work, may still add an interesting and unusual work to his already large repertoire. Among the new ballets to be staged were Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* choreographically and the revivals of *Choreartium*, *Beau Danube* and others. There was also a Festival of International Dance Films which showed De Mille's *Rodeo*, Limon's *The Moors Pavane* and Balanchine's *Western Symphony* among many others.

Principal and star dancers included Fracci, Ethery, Pagava, Duska Sifnios, Rene Bon, Vassili Sulich, Leon Woizikovsky, Enrico Sportiello and Milorad Miskovitch and many others. The project is certainly a most ambitious one and the first outside engagement of the company will be at the Edinburgh Festival. Intention to tour the U.S. have so far not resulted in any tangible dates or contracts but should be forthcoming during this summer season.

TRUDY GOTH.

Munich

Antony Tudor, after fulfilling his teaching obligations at the Folkwangschule in Essen, Germany, became guest choreographer with the Bavarian State Opera Ballet. He is staging his *Gala Performance* and *Dark Elegies* which are due for the first new ballet evening in the autumn.

Further plans for the coming year are a full-evening ballet by Rosen, *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev), due in spring. The Ballet Festival, which was such an enormous success this year, is likely to become a permanent affair. Next year's programme is scheduled to start with two ballets to music by Killmayer, an Orff pupil.

Margot Werner has been promoted to the rank of soloist and **Frank Baur** is leaving the Company for one year.

Success in Portugal

Norman Dixon, former leading dancer of Ballet Rambert and director of "Ballet Venture 1960," has returned to England after a three months' stay in Lisbon. The première of his ballet *Preciosa* presented at the San Carlos Opera House was followed by an invitation to create a ballet for Portuguese Television network. This new work, *Ballade for Three*, danced to Faure's Ballade for piano and orchestra was produced on August 4th and was considered a major event in the development of television ballet in Portugal.

Dixon is now choreographing for the Welsh National Opera Company's seasons in Llandudno and Cardiff and returns to Lisbon in October when his ballet *The Cord* will be presented on television.

Fiesta in London

Tani Morena, Spanish dancer and teacher in London, holds a fiesta in her studio at regular intervals to which she invites well known personalities. The June fiesta was attended by the **Lutys de Luz** Company who were at that time appearing for a week at the Metropolitan Theatre. Five of Madame Morena's students were also appearing in the show.

Western Theatre Ballet

Clover Roope who left the second company of the Royal Ballet to join the Western Theatre Ballet as assistant choreographer and dancer is to have her first ballet for the Company performed early next year.

Western Theatre Ballet, who recently returned from touring Spain, is fully booked until April of next year. At the moment there are three new ballets in rehearsal: *One In Five*, by choreographer Ray Powell (performed at the Sunday Ballet Club on June 13th); *Ode* by choreographer Peter Darrell, and a "Pas de Deux" by Meriel Evans.

In October the Company tours Holland, after which comes a West Country Tour followed by pantomime in Glasgow and an Arts Council tour of Scotland and the Hebrides.

Harlequin Ballet

The Harlequin Ballet now in its second year opened its Autumn programme at Thoresby Hall, Sherwood Forest on the 17th September. Other places to be visited will be Folkestone, Ventnor, Cowes, Battersea, Wednesbury, Kidderminster, Bognor, Hartlepool, etc.

Madame Tamara Karsavina has revised her ballet *Harlequin and Columbine* and added a prologue. New works will include a ballet to Schubert by John Gregory and an electronic ballet by Eeke Thomee. Miss Barbara Vernon will again be principal ballerina.

Briefs

Geraldine Chaplin, 16-year-old daughter of comedian Charlie Chaplin, plans to become a ballet dancer.

A set of playing cards has been specially designed for sale at the Royal Opera House, London and feature Margot Fonteyn.

Miss **Ailne Phillips,** principal teacher of the Royal Ballet, went to Turkey in August to teach and produce the Ankara State Opera Ballet for the 1960–1961 season. The arrangements have been made by the British Council.

At the National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo, between the 6th September and the 9th October, a series of film shows which illustrate the work of various artists in the world of classical ballet and traditional dance are to be shown. Pavlova, Ulanova, Fonteyn and Massine are some of the artists to be seen.

PROGRAMMES FOR THE MONTH

THE ROYAL BALLET ON TOUR

W/c 26th Sept.	*King's Theatre, Glasgow*
„ 3rd Oct.	*Lyceum, Sheffield*
„ 10th „	*Royal Court, Liverpool*
„ 17th „	*Opera House, Manchester*
„ 24th „	*Grand Theatre, Leeds*
„ 31st „	*New Theatre, Oxford* (2 weeks)

BALLET RAMBERT ON TOUR

W/c 26th Sept.	*Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury*
„ 3rd Oct.	*Theatre Royal, Bath*
„ 10th „	*Everyman's Theatre, Cheltenham*
„ 17th „	*Arts Theatre, Cambridge*
„ 31st „	*Gaiety Theatre, Dublin*

The Royal Ballet

October 3rd: The Lyceum, SHEFFIELD
October 10th: Royal Court Theatre, LIVERPOOL
October 17th: Opera House, MANCHESTER
October 24th: Grand Theatre, LEEDS

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At the present day this tiny country supports ten ballet companies attached to their opera houses in Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana, Osijek, Rijeka, Split, Sarajevo, Skoplje, Marabor and Novi Sad, but none of them gave independent performances before the first World War. The first six were founded in the period between the two wars, the last four after the second World War.

THE BELGRADE BALLET

THE Opera House in Belgrade was founded in 1919 and its ballet company commenced with a group of six dancers in 1921. One of the six original dancers, Natalija Boskovic, eventually became prima ballerina in Belgrade and then soloist in the Anna Pavlova troupe.

After early appearances in opera, the ballet company grew to 22 members and in 1922 gave its own performance of Rimsky Korsakov's *Schéhérazade* and excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*.

During the 1922/3 season Jelena Poljakova, a former soloist of the Imperial Theatre in Petrograd, with Claudia Issachenko, headed the newly founded ballet school and serious training began.

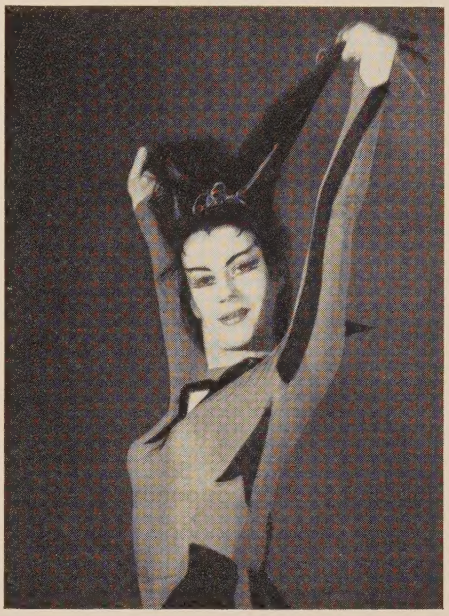
Then in 1924 Alexander Fortunato from Poland came to head the company, and Nina Kirsanova, a former member of the Moscow ballet became its prima ballerina. During that year the company performed *Coppélia*. In 1925 the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's opera *Prince Igor*, *Fairy Tales* by O. Nedbal, *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*. were added to their repertoire, followed by *Pierrette's Scarf* by Dohnanyi and the *Sleeping Beauty* by Tchaikovsky in the 1926/7 season.

The production of the first Yugoslav national ballet *The Gingerbread Heart* came in 1927, by Kresimir Baranovic with choreography by Margaret Froman, a prima ballerina from the Bolshoi who had come to Belgrade to head the ballet company and remained with them for three seasons. Max Froman her brother was also with the Company as leading dancer.

The Gingerbread Heart is still a favourite in the repertoire to the present day, and has met with considerable success during the tours of Yugoslav ballet companies abroad.

By this time the opera ballet company numbered fifty members, the principal soloists were Ana Roje and Oskar Harmos. (Later these two excellent dancers, teachers and choreographers, married and opened a school in Split.) The visit of Anna Pavlova to Belgrade in 1927, and Tamara Karsavina in 1928, left a deep impression on the public.

In the succeeding years many ballets were added to the Company's repertoire. In the 1930/31 season, under Boris Romanovsky they gave Minkus' *Don Quixote* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*. In 1932 and 1934, headed by Nina Kirsanova and with leading dancer Anatolije Zukovski, the repertoire comprised Chopin's *Autumn Poem*, Tcherepnin's *Secret of the Pyramids*, Tansmann's *Sonata* of the City, De Falla's *Love the Magician*, *Presages* based on the music of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Strauss' two ballets *The Legend of Joseph* and *Till Eulenspiegel*, and in 1933 Stevan Hristic completed his ballet *The Legend of Ohrid*, based on the music and dances of Macedonia. After the war this became a ballet in four acts, and is to-day performed on every Yugoslav ballet stage.



Mira Sanina in the role of the Devil's Mate, in *The Devil in the Village*

The same year the Belgrade Ballet company went abroad for the first time and in Athens performed *The Polovtsian Dances*, *Schéhérazade*, *Swan Lake* and *The Gingerbread Heart*.

Boris Kniaseff headed the ballet from 1934 to 1936, Natalija Boskovic was the prima ballerina for the classical repertoire and Marina Olenjina for character parts. Kniaseff after a long and successful career opened his own teaching Academy in Geneva.

Margaret Froman produced *Nutcracker* and *Imbrek with the Nose*, a comic ballet by Naranovic. Also in the same year *Harnasie* by Szymanowsky and *Caucasian Sketches* by Ipolitov-Ivanov were performed.

1938 saw the production of a new domestic work *The Devil in the Village* by Fran Lhotka of Zagreb, with choreography by Pia and Pino Mlakar, who also danced the principal roles. Tours of Sofia were made by the Company in 1937 and 1938, and to Hamburg in 1939. Many new ballets were added to the repertoire—*Francesca da Rimini*, *Le Coq d'Or*, *Bolero*, *Tamara*, and *Ballerina and the Bandits*, whilst the gifted Milos Ristic distinguished himself as principal dancer, but the sands of time were running out for the Company which had achieved so much in so short a time, for in the war years, like the ensembles in Zagreb and Ljubljana, the Belgrade Ballet did not give any performances.

In 1945 the ballet was revived with only nine members, amongst them Vera Kostic, Mira Sanina and Nadia Arandelovic, and for the first year appeared only in operas, but the following year the company again gave independent performances. Stevan Hristic's *Legend of Ohrid* was given as a four-act ballet for the first time, with choreography by Margaret Froman and the orchestra conducted by the composer. This ballet has been given over two hundred times in Belgrade alone.

In 1949 the Company performed *Romeo and Juliet*, with choreography by Dimitrie Parlic, who was also one of the principal soloists, Ruth Parnel being the prima ballerina. Dusan Trninic danced the role of Mercutio. Dancers trained by Mile Jovanovic and Nina Kirsanova were engaged, amongst them Branko Markovic, Milan Momcilovic, Dusan Trninic, Katarina Obradovic, Jovanka Bjegojevic and Bojana Peric.

The Ballad of a Mediaeval Love by Fran Lhotka with choreography by Pia and Pino Mlakar was given its première in 1950, another new domestic ballet *The Goldfish* by Mihovil Logar in 1954, and *A Chinese Tale by* Baranovic in 1955. The principal roles in the last two ballets were danced by Ruth Parnel. 1956 saw the performance of De Falla's *Love the Magician* with Mira Sanina and Dusan Trninic in the leading roles, the world première of *La Reine des Iles* by Maurice Thiriet to the choreography of Dimitrie Parlic with Dusanka Sifnios, Katarina Obradovic and Jovanka Bjegojevic in the main roles.

Bartok's *Miraculous Mandarin* to the choreography of Dimitrie Parlic and Adam's *Giselle* to the choreography of Leonid Lavrovsky of the Bolshoi Theatre, with Dusanka Sifnios and Stevan Grebeldinger in the main roles, followed. When the young Dusanka Sifnios danced in *The Miraculous Mandarin* at the Company's season at the Théâtre Des Nations season in Paris in 1957 she came to the notice of the critics for the first time outside of Belgrade, and was acclaimed as a star.

The Belgrade Ballet participated in the Edinburgh Festival in 1951, with *The Gingerbread Heart*, *Ballad of a Mediaeval Love*, and Hristic conducted his *Legend of Ohrid*. The latter ballet was also given in Athens in 1952. The Company appeared at the Wiesbaden Festival in 1953, the May Musical Festival in Florence, and Vienna in 1955. At Wiesbaden again in 1956, and as mentioned above, in Paris during 1957.

In 1960 they appeared in Monte Carlo during the Easter Season.

The Belgrade Ballet Company produced *The Firebird* on the 5th May, 1960, at the Opera House of the National Theatre, Belgrade, with Magdalena Janeva in the role of The Firebird. Visnja Djordjević as the Tsarevna and Milan Momčilović as Prince Ivan are seen above in the final scene of the ballet; the role of Kostchei was taken by Zarko Prebil.

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